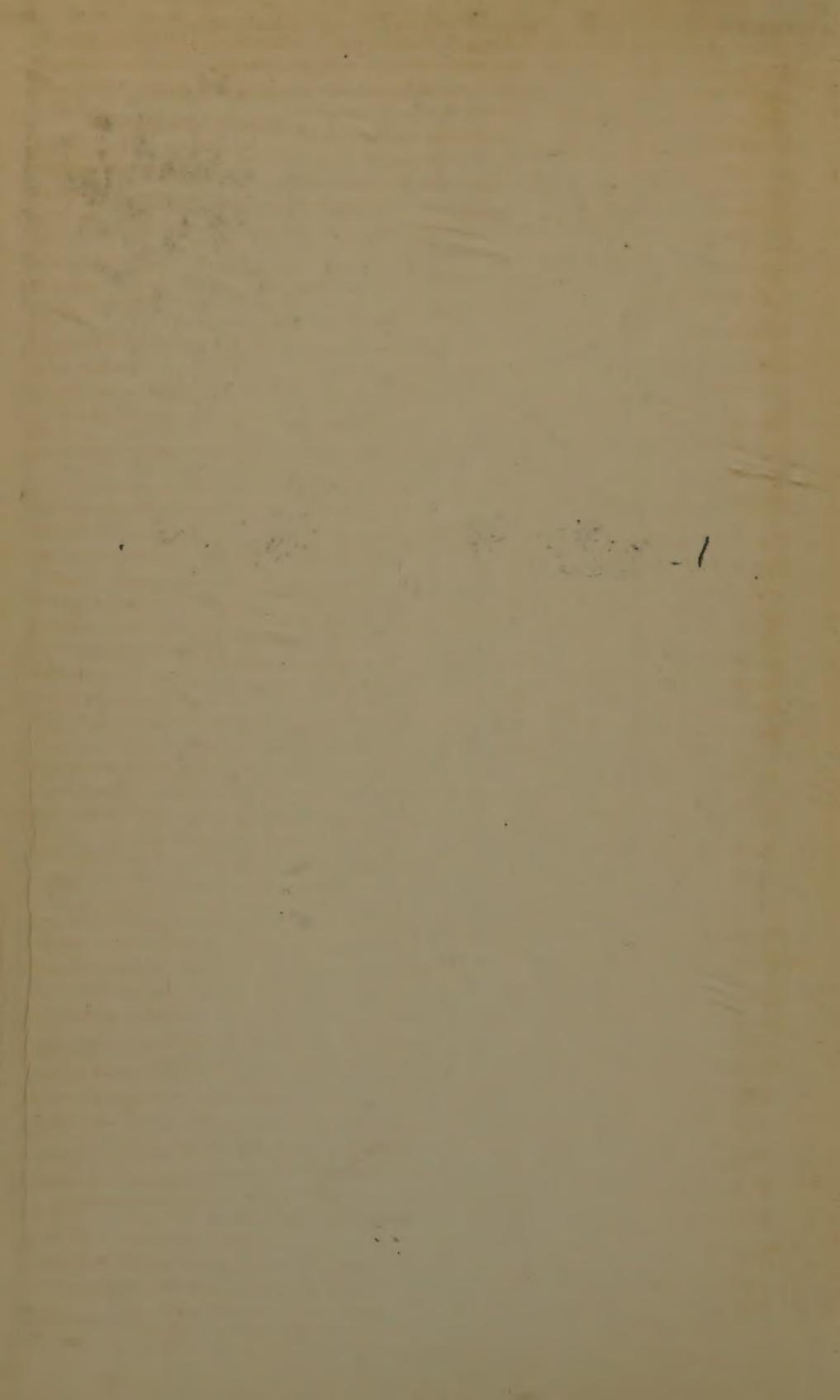


The Bowling Green



Diane Paulsen —

Jan - 1967

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May 1925

The Bowling Green

The Bowling Green

An Anthology of Verse

Selected by
Christopher Morley



Garden City New York
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First Edition

Affectionately Dedicated
to
EDWIN F. GAY

*Whose four years' conduct of the "Evening
Post" is gratefully remembered by
those who worked with him*

A Preface and an Epilogue

THIS little anthology is selected from the poems contributed by "clients" of *The Bowling Green*, a column printed on the editorial page of the New York *Evening Post* from February 9, 1920, to December 31, 1923. The responsibility for the choices is entirely mine. I am afraid that I may have missed some pieces that should have been included, for my own file of the Green is not complete. I made my selection by one criterion only: I chose the verses that I had found recurring to my mind of their own vitality. Perhaps the one final test of verse is, Is it memorable? Does it seem to immigrate into your recollection almost unawares? . . .

In poetry there is one test of art—
With whispering stealth, and keeping delicate time,
It creeps into your mind: you find it there.
You are my poem then, for in my heart
Lovelier than a sonnet, you made rhyme,
And I had memorized you unaware.

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So my selfish purpose in preparing this little book is to preserve these poems, like a hoisted string of bright buntings, under the masthead of the column where they were first published: to keep them for my own contemplation and also as a souvenir to kinsprits of a very happy time. Those who were interested in the Green and endured its cranks and crotchets will, I am sure, be glad to have the book.

These verses (it should be added) have been chosen from a total of about a thousand poems printed in the Green. For each poem printed there must have been six or seven that were not. I think with humiliation of that great detritus of manuscripts, five or six feet deep, that I had to skim through when making my final clearance. There may—indeed there must—have been fine stuff among them, which I was too hurried to recognize. Yet of the six or seven thousand poems that the Green received in those years, these seem to me, on the whole, the most permanent. A number of them have already been collected by their authors into various books. In several cases I do not even know who the authors are: some of the signatures are pseudonyms, others only initials. I am anxious to be certain that every poet represented gets a copy

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of the book, and I take this opportunity of asking each contributor to send me his address so that I may do my duty. And also I must remark that of course I have no proprietary rights whatever in these poems, and the book is not a profiteering venture on my part. Whatever royalties accrue I propose shall be divided among the contributors in proportion to the number of their poems included. That is why I want all the addresses, so that the proper adjustment may be made.

Hazlitt once wrote a *Farewell to Essay Writing*: and if this were the place I might be tempted to set down a *Farewell to Columning*. I linger upon the notion with a tender feeling. The *suspensio per collum* is indeed one of the most curiously fascinating jobs imaginable, though it has its harrowing perplexities also. I can never be grateful enough to those "high-spirited clients" who condoned many errors for the sake of something better they divined, something which was inherent in them as much as in the Green itself—an attempt to give space to a certain kind of sensibilities and candors with which newspapers do not always concern themselves. And my chief private uneasiness lately has been the impossibility of explaining

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to those friendly creatures who have written letters of inquiry or rebuke, that the sudden disappearance of the Green was not an intentional courtesy on my part. I had intended a gradual disentangle, but certainly not a moonlight flitting. But suddenly the two-handed engine was at the door. The thin-spun life was slit. But what—since Milton comes to mind—what the great John would have called the Late Massacre on Vesey Street was not without its enchanting humours. When the Green had announced its campaign to make New York and Philadelphia love one another, it had not intended that Philadelphia should absorb New York. Philadelphia we love; none better; but in her proper place and rank. I see here the door opening onto a whole discussion of the ethics of journalism and the proper function of newspapers in our American life. Truly there is no more tempting subject: but I refrain.

But while the two-handed engine was winding up I did have time to refer my clients to that quaintly apposite passage in *The Taming of the Shrew*—the first scene of the Fourth Act, if you care to look it up. But this sly allusion only survived the morning edition: the new

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magistrates, though not technically in charge until the following day, stopped the presses and in a sudden agony of alarm excised the fragment. This, I think, was not handsome, as one of the two great Frank Bacons would have said. But it is just such minutiae of amusement that make life in newspaper offices so incalculably hilarious. And I shall remember the two great triumphs of my small career in the world of newspapers: I learned how to light my pipe at the linotype machine, and I once had the presses stopped—the supreme excitement in journalism—to remove my harmless jape.

Perhaps the only other exploit I can think of, if we are to be reminiscent and talkative, is the time when, feeling that once in so often a columnist ought to be honest with himself and find out whether he is slipping, I mailed a poem (carefully disguised on a strange typewriter and noncommittal copy-paper, and with a newly invented name) to F. P. A's *Conning Tower* in the New York *World*. When Frank promptly printed it, the following day, at the head of his column, I felt a gush of pure satisfaction such as comes only once or twice a lifetime. And if Frank wants to verify the accuracy of this incident, he'll find the poem in his files, signed

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“Galway Hill,” in the *Conning Tower*, some time in March, 1923.

Which is all off the point. The large tract of odd and hilarious and affectionate reminiscence accumulated by any man who has the good fortune to be, for a while, a columnist—and then the even greater fortune to escape from the job while still in possession of some of his wits—this matter may perhaps be elsewhere discussed. What matters here is to remark how large a proportion of really first-class verse is contributed to the current newspaper columns. The columnist plays in our contemporary journalism the rôle of the Fool in Shakespearean drama: he has to put himself under the suspicion of being a lackwit in order to gain freedom to utter truths which are often bitter and blunt. When for instance an American newspaper is so undeservedly lucky as to enlist the genius of a writer who blends the various fecund qualities of philosopher and clown as does Don Marquis, the moral health and sanity of a whole nation are increased thereby. The trenchant sagacity of Frank Adams, the spontaneous honesty and naïvely inquisitive drollery of Heywood Broun, these qualities are enormously refreshing in the acreage of rant and formulated catchword that

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make up so much newsprint. (These gentlemen will condone the frankness of one speaking, as it were, *Post Mortem*.) What I have in mind is, that the lively spirit of the poets responds to this amateur breath and savour of the personal column. It is a part of tradition to pretend that it is a heavy and gruesome job to run a column: but as a matter of fact columns are edited by those who love the job, and as soon as they cease to love it they are quite right to quit. And the poets rally to this spectacle of a man having a good time. For the sake of prompt publication in a congenial alleyway they are willing to forego payment, even to forego the decent courtesies of the usual editorial office. It is heavy on my own mind, for instance, that I was unpardonably rude to hundreds of friendly clients: but the columnist cannot always help himself. He has no secretarial aid: he receives from fifty to one hundred letters a day: the incessant interruption and excitement of that way of life make it practically impossible to deal systematically with the welter on his desk. He can only utter occasional broadsides of apology, and beg his contributors not to send him the stamps that put his honesty under dangerous torsion. Presently there comes a time, as a

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friend of mine used to say, when Stress divided by Strain is no longer constant. He realizes the hopelessness of attempting to keep abreast of the current: he retires into a wise passiveness.

Naturally a columnist receives many verses of a grade different from those here reprinted. I have a small collection of metrical oddities which survived the confusion of several desk-movings. There was the man in Bellingham, Washington, who sent in a long poem beginning

 Last night I subsided in tangles
 And lay in a cubicle where
 A girl in pyjamas and bangles
 Slept with her hands in my hair.

There was a good deal more of it. Of course the columnist is a fair target for the poet of the J. Gordon Coogler School. You remember Mr. Coogler's immortal stanzas—

 How sweet when our lonely soul grows weary,
 And our tired feet need rest,
 To recline 'neath the shade of the willow tree,
 Pillow'd on a maiden's breast.

 To feel a passion pure within us,
 And not the one that seeks to rob
 That beautiful virtue underlying
 Her peaceful bosom's honest throb.

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Well, a familiar type of verse that arrives on the columnist's desk is the wooing comfit directed at some special lady. Here was a verse first entitled *Despair*; then, in a more manly impulse, that word was crossed out and *To I.* substituted—

As numerous as the stars of a midsummer eve
Are the kisses I press upon your lips
In my dreams of you
Night after night. . . .
To drink of the bewitching sweetness that wells
From the ineffable depths of your eyes
Were intoxication
Not less than heavenly. . . .
I crave the caress of your glowing lips;
The embrace of your tender arms. . . .
I crave the sublime peace that can come
With the clasping of you
To my breast. . . .
And I contemplate the ineluctable felicity
Of stars that sparkle in smiling skies
For the love and the hope
That are mine. . . .

But the gist of the situation lay in the amo-
rist's hopeful comment written at the bottom
of the page—"She reads *The Bowling Green*."

Requests to print such and such a poem on a
particular date, which was the lady's birthday,

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were frequent. Sometimes the editor had to remind his clients that the Green was Bowling, not Gretna. One of the most curious appeals—one specially ill-advised in the case of this particular editor—came from a schoolgirl also in Bellingham, Wash., which seems to be a city of some sprightliness—

This little note is sent to you,
And this is what I want you to do,
Measure your waistline, inch by inch,
And see that the tapeline does not pinch.
For each small inch that you measure round,
Place one dollar in an envelope sound.
And this money that you so freely pay,
Will help a schoolgirl on her way.

One remembers also, with affection, the lady in Ticonderoga, N. Y., who was annoyed at her ex-husband who had printed the conventional ad. about her having evaded his bed and board. She broadcast her indignation as follows:—

As to me leaving my husband Ed,
He was the one that left me instead.
He left me at my father's home
And without me preferred to roam.
With nineteen years of married life,
I was as faithful as any wife
And without just cause or provocation
He went back home to his relation.

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Sometimes an irate client, justifiably incensed at his MS. getting buried in the editor's desk, would take the columnist to task—

When the Great Judge cleans out his desk,
In some dark pigeonhole
Cobwebbed and grimy may He find
Your negligible soul!

* * * *

There are many surprising rhythms and recurrent refrains in events. As I sit here, looking out on a snow-crusted corner of a Long Island grove, I can see the one last log of a woodpile that I have always associated in my mind with the beginning of the Bowling Green. That woodpile was cut and sawed and stacked mostly by myself (and no hearth-fire burns so brightly as one whose fuel you yourself have sweated over). Woodpiles are always supposed to conceal dark secrets—enigmas—and that particular stack of logs, which symbolized for me the toils and pleasures of buying and inhabiting a house in the country, is also perhaps the secret of my wanting to write this little postscript. The woodpile is down to its last log: a new lot is ordered from the friendly Mr. Griffin over at East Williston: we enter a new era. Log and

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epilogue . . . since some of the clients will expect their pun.

But that woodpile began, as the Bowling Green itself began and ended, in Philadelphia. It began over a cup of tea, on a Sunday afternoon, and also in snowy weather. I remember that those uneven old brick pavements on Pine Street were sprinkled with patches of white. Mr. Edwin F. Gay, then president of the *Evening Post*, always the Green's best friend and in a sense its "onely begetter," had just telephoned me that he had arrived at Broad Street Station. Very well, I said; I will walk up Fifteenth Street and meet you. I gave him accurate instruction how to fare, and set out. I swung my stick, I puffed my pipe. Inwardly I was doubtful and perplexed; but who would have thought it?

After patrolling Fifteenth Street for some time I grew nervous. Where was Mr. Gay? He was a stranger in the city: had he got lost? He, a man of important affairs, a possible employer, what would he think of my allowing him to wander uncertainly in these byways? I hurried back to Pine Street to see if he had arrived there, or had telephoned? No word. Again I set out, with growing anxiety, and again hurried up Fifteenth Street toward the

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station. Still no sign of one wearing a gray tweed suit, as he had said over the telephone. And then I saw him, cheerfully exploring his way along Pine Street. So, after doubt and anxiety, was the woodpile founded. For it was Mr. Gay who, after two cups of tea, proposed matters that involved an uprooting of family goods, the transportation of innocent hostages across leagues of snow, the purchase of this house, the sessions in the office of a friendly lawyer in Brooklyn . . . it would take a folio volume to tell all these matters justly and with their lively circumstance.

The woodpile—let us stick to the woodpile as our simplifying motif. It was the day after Christmas when I wrote accepting Mr. Gay's proposal. The woodpile and the Green were then, though I knew it not, on the way. The trees were still standing, white with snow, in this Long Island glade; but in the forestartled ear of destiny they already quivered under the stroke of the axe, the sweet candy smell of those long wet strips of bark already exhaled in a summer sun. And every poem, every paragraph, every bêtise, of the *Bowling Green*, down to the final and flitting reference to Shakespeare, was already set up, so to speak, on the Mergenthalers of eventuality.

A Preface and an Epilogue

So—as the Green was always a sentimental kind of column—I have set down a few of the facts that pertained to its history. The people whose verses I have here reprinted were the kind of people who kept it going, and to whom I am grateful. And there was another kind of friend, too, who ought to be thanked. Looking over a stack of old letters I have discovered this, written on Christmas Day, 1921, by a reader I have never met, at a time when the Green was being roasted for something (I forget what). Here is the letter:—

I want to write you a word of encouragement to continue the expression of your candid opinion. No other opinion is really worth anything, you know. It has been pointed out by enough novelists—by John Jay Chapman for instance—that a great need is outspoken, fearless opinion. I want to know what you really think—about Bouck White or the Christmas Story or the Volstead Act or any thing else. If good brother Somebody in New Jersey is shocked he must stand it; some of the rest of us have been bored all our lives by his opinions and we had to stand it.

Yours Sincerely,

HENRY W. KEIGWIN.

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So I am content to try to imitate Mr. Keigwin's generosity of spirit. I don't much care what a man thinks, as long as he *really* believes it.

We retire, as Walt Whitman said, "to the certainties suitable to us." The function of the *Bowling Green*, if it had any at all, was to encourage, for a little while, the expression of a certain kind of opinions and hopes about life and about journalism. But the world is very full of interesting jobs, and one can't go on indefinitely. It was Dorothy Burgess, I think, one of the friendliest of clients, who suggested as a motto for the Green these lines from *Aurora Leigh*—

Wipe out Earth's furrows of the Thine and Mine
And leave one green, for men to play at bowls;
With innings for them all!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Roslyn Heights, Long Island
February, 1924

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The Bowling Green

When Death Has Lost the Key

When all my limbs are locked,
And death has lost the key;
When I am but the dream
Of some dead ecstasy:
I will not ever wage
Old quarrels with myself:
Or seek to read the books
Upon life's dusty shelf.

But I shall always hear
The tread of April's feet,
Stirring the earth to song:
And feel the flaming beat
Of earth's heart, near and near,
Finding her heart at last:
And dreams will come to me
And hours forever past.

THE BOWLING GREEN

Only the happy hours,
Melodiously again,
And April dreams will come
Leading the April rain:
When all my limbs are locked,
And death has lost the key,
And I myself the dream
Of some dead ecstasy.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

A Presence

When the departing, great sun stands
And plants, on the last hill, his feet,
He comes; likewise to morning lands,
Or down a dim and crowded street.

To-day I knew that ecstasy;
A soaring light was all my blood,
And, in me, voices, like the sea,
Shouted and my heart understood.

To-day He smote earth with the flame,
That clothes His presence when He comes
And earth grew vibrant with His name,
Like hidden trumpets, answering drums.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

*On the Passing of the Last Fire Horse
from Manhattan Island*

I remember the cleared streets, the strange suspense,

As if a thunderstorm were under way;
Magnificently furious, hurrying thence,
The fire-eyed horses racing to the fray;
Out of old Homer where the heroes are,
Beating upon the whirlwind thunderous hoofs,
Wild horses and plumed Ajax in his car:
Oh, in those days we still possessed the proofs
Men battled shouting by the gates of Troy,
With shields of triple brass and spears of flame.
What ring on stone and steel; those horses came
Like horses of gods that whirl to the dawn's
burning,

They came, and they are gone, and unreturning.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

Iced Branches

The branches interlacing down the street
Are glistening like the tips of angels' wings
In long array. The subtle silver clings
Upon them all. Not even the vibrant beat,
At noonday, of the sunlight's gold shod feet,
Has racked apart this airy ice that rings
The outswept boughs with these enamellings,
That gleam like drawn wires spinning through
white heat.

A vortex filled with whirling stars might fling
Upon its margins some such dazzling spray
As fell upon these trees and twigs to-day;
Enough to turn a man from wandering
And burden him with beauty that will weigh
Heavily as the heaviest gold of spring.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

Epitaph

Come jest awhile with me and talk
And talk awhile and laugh;
Some day the one of us may write
The other's epitaph.

And if your hand shall write for me,
Then let the words you write
Say that I loved them equally,
Blue day and starry night.

Say I loved talking things like birds
And prattling things like brooks,
And that I learned from children's words
And fell in love with books.

And say I loved a girl or two,
And one with hair like flame,
And flame my heart was when she spoke
By night my name.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

Quarnero

Oh! My companion, oh! my sister Sleep!
The valley is all before us, bear me on.
High through the heaven of evening, hardly
gone,
Beyond the harbour lights, beyond the steep,
Beyond the land and its lost benison
To where, majestic on the darkening deep,
The night comes forward from Mount Aurion,

Oh! My companion, oh! my sister Sleep!

Above the surf-line, into the night-breeze;
Eastward above the ever-whispering seas;
Down the warm airs with no more watch to
keep.

My day's run out and all its dooms are graven
Oh! Dear Forerunner of Death and promise of
haven

Oh! My companion, oh! my sister Sleep!
HILAIRE BELLOC.

Devourer of Nations

“Strength shall be thrust to the Eater
And down to the Strong One, sweet.”
Was ever a proverb neater,
A phrasing more apt or meeter
To fix on our Course-Completer
As we end Life’s beat?

You’ll decorate quite the scarlet
And secret hall of his tongue,
With your clasped hands marble and stilly
And your face like a frozen lily,
For Death is a luscious varlet
And likes maids young.

So there’s the end of it, Nelly,
Of you and your purple hat.
And I, your impotent Shelley,
With czars and pariahs smelly,
Shall tapestry well his belly,
That grey, round Rat!

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

Lunch at a Club

The member with the face like a pale ham
Settles his stomachs in the leather chair;
The member with the mustard-coloured hair
Chats with the member like a curly ram.
Then silence, like the shutting of a clam,
Gulps, and slow eating, and the waiter's stare.
Like prosperous leeches settling to their fare
The members gorge, distending as they cram.

And I am fiery ice—and a hand knocks
Inside my blood. Three hours till God comes
true,
When there's no earth or sky or time in clocks,
But only Hell and Paradise and You.
Life bows his strings! I shout the amazing
tune—
The eldest member drops his coffee spoon.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

The Name of Love

O Love, a thousand, thousand voices,
From night to dawn, from dawn to night,
Have cried the passion of their choices
To orb your name and keep it bright,

Until, however tides may vary
At neap or ebb of life and breath,
Your influence is planetary
Upon this body of our death,

And that dark sea that takes the dying
Kindles along its coasts to flame
For thousand, thousand voices crying
The exaltation of your name!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Green Aisles

Green aisles of Pullman cars
Soothe me like trees
Woven in old tapestries.
I love to watch the stars
Remote above the earth
In watery light,
While, in a lower berth,
I whirl through night.

I love the mysteries
Others abhor:
From Upper Eight, a sneeze,—
That stertorous snore
Far down the aisle. I love
The net of green
That holds like treasure-trove
My clothes unclean.

Cherrywood spick and span
And patterned plush;
The rumble and the rush;
The blankets thick and tan,

THE BOWLING GREEN

All these my heart delight,—
The globe you click,—
Bells ringing in the night
When someone's sick.

Weird bumpings in the night,
Arrivals late
Where stations blaze with light
And bang with freight;
Elf lanterns down the track,
Dark flitting forms
Under a pale cloud-wrack,—
Each aspect charms!

I love to smoke a last
Slow cigarette
Where all ere breaking fast
Ablute and fret;
Then, as on wings of chance,
I plunge the night—
Pullmans, you spell romance
And snug delight!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Books et Veritas

When I was a youngster just going to school
(The pitiful tale that one tells!)
My brain ran a-rippling with ballads by Kipling,
I worshipped the earlier Wells.
I often was seen with the *Strand Magazine*,
I adored Lancelots, Bediveres,
Gobbled Stevenson's fable and Arthur's "Round
Table"
And swore by the "Three Musketeers."

When I was as green, yes, as green as the gage
That pouts from a jam I adore,
I wore out "Tom Sawyer" till scarcely a page
But fluttered away to the floor.
I thought Howard Pyle, in his "Wonder Clock"
style,
Could hardly be beat by the best;
The thrills that I had in "A Modern Aladdin"
Supplied the infallible test.

THE BOWLING GREEN

When I was untrained and unversed in the arts
I loved Andrew Lang, Edward Lear;
Bought numberless tomes of the great "Sherlock
Holmes"
And envied his brilliant career;
In the "Tale of Two Cities" the thrill that is
pity's
Conveyed how superb it may still be.
I thought "Kenilworth" was a joy upon earth,
And I simply was dazzled by "Trilby."

When I was a sprig and my standards were low,
Uncritical, unautocratic,
I used to exult in Jack London and Poe,
Which I read in bed, bathroom and attic.
Alas, that's the truth of my terrible youth.
Such the books I thought way above par.
Gee, I thought they were great, in my juvenile
state. . . .
And I still am convinced that they are.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Choice of Exit

O some day,
Some fine day
When summer's in the air
And the grass as green as beryl,
When clouds are white as old Time's hair
And woods are bright as bronze, and wear
A glamour past all peril,
And finches sing and thrushes sing
And sunlight shakes the sky,
I shall go up some road with Spring
And find a place to die.

It's a bright life,
A black life,
By eerie fits and starts—
Buckets of tears, and oceans
Of aching laughter known to hearts
That strike a pose to play their parts
And thrive on idle notions,

THE BOWLING GREEN

And bowstrings sing and trumpets sing
And love sings high, sings low. . . .
Well, I'll go up the road with Spring
When it's my time to go!

Not at midnight
When the clock ticks,
When the coal clicks in the grate
And the mind of man grows teary!
No! I'll stalk forth from a garden gate
Some morning just at half-past eight,
Some morning when I'm weary;
And sun will sing and sky will sing
And the hills with poppies burn
When I go up the road with Spring,
King of the world and proud like a king. . . .
And I shall not return.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

The Carpenter's Story

“Well,” said Chips, “I was once in a barquentine,

Where the captain had his wife along.

The men all growled about the chow,

But only out of habit—

For nothing was really the matter with it.

This skipper’s wife had a crusty temper

And it made her hot to hear the complaining.

“Christmas came. And the woman declared
that for once

We would have a meal that we couldn’t object
to.

She planned a wonderful dinner and cooked it all
herself.

We were somewhere off the Azores then.

I remember that dinner yet.

Everyone ate without saying much, until Long
Jim,

When he couldn’t eat any more,

Filled his pipe and got up, stretching himself.

THE BOWLING GREEN

‘Now, that was a fine dinner,’ he said.

‘And if I could just have the skipper’s wife
I wouldn’t ask for anything more.’

Just as it happened, the skipper’s wife
Was coming for’ard to hear how the sailors liked
the chow.

And just as Jim spoke, she put her head into the
fo’c’sle and said:

‘Be damned if you would.

You can’t please a sailor no ways!””

ARCHIE BINNS.

The Station Man, on Look-out

All night long,
The snow-haired wild sea-warriors
Leapt roaring by and fled in tumult,
World-old and raving-mad.

With the first flash of sunlight,
I saw them marching on the vast sea-plain,
Rank after rank,
Steel-clad and glittering men-at-arms.

In the leaping crow's nest,
Ducking the highest plumes of spray,
I clung with both hands, wondering:
Does my Sweetheart in San Francisco still love me?

ARCHIE BINNS.

The Flying Words

Now through the skies do come impetuous
messengers

Their earnest loud ape-wisdom busily bearing,
And now mechanical lips are the mocking
trumpeters

Of voices over the long hills and the seas faring.

And words no longer run upon wires, but the air
is full

Of whispering, and of leaping unlovely voices
The hired lightning with old wives' tales is
volute

And the Ingenious Babe in man rejoices.

So now in the midnight I clutch at my hot heart
in fear

Lest in the airy tangle should my words go
Eagerly flying out of my lips to a too heedful ear,
In the staring terrible hours when sleep is slow.

MORRIS BISHOP.

Ozymandias Revisited

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless
things,

The hand that mocked them and the heart that
fed;

And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings!
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Also the names of Emory P. Gray,
Mr. and Mrs. Dukes, and Oscar Baer,
Of 17 West 4th Street, Oyster Bay.

MORRIS BISHOP.

Sic Semper Insurantibus

Sombre-Habited

One stood without my door;
“Why comest thou?” I said,
“And what dost thou implore?”
“I bring thee messages,” he cried,
“Of Fate no mortal can appease,
Of proud men humbled in their pride,
And of our twenty-year Endowment policies.

“Man springeth up as grass
And flourisheth a day,
But as the moments pass
He withereth away;
Bitter is man’s unhappy durance
Ere into darkness he must go,
Unless protected by insurance.
The premiums of which are quite absurdly low.

“If the blind Furies come
With the abhorred shears,
Snipping off of some
Feet and hands and ears,

Sic Semper Insurantibus

Exulting still and unafraid

They challenge Fate, unbowed, defiant,

Because their premiums are paid!

(This happened but last week to one delighted
client.)”

“O voice of Fate,” said I,

“How true it is, how true,

That Death is ever nigh—

Especially to you!

How swiftly might this club set free

The soul within its gaol immured——”

He fled; there echoed distantly

The screams of one who ran to get himself
insured.

MORRIS BISHOP.

Poetic Stuff

Lush orchid-blooms a-shimmer,
 Breath of the summer sea,
And maiden fancies dimmer
 Than dreams of dreams can be—
Such imagery surprising,
 Such lyrics rich and rare
Are used in advertising
 Underwear.

Like Orient scent that lingers,
 Than nard more sweet, or myrrh,
Like touch of fairy fingers
 On harps of gossamer—
So sound, in tropic phrasing,
 The Ad-man's dulcet tones,
Melodiously praising
 Graphophones.

No more the Bard addresses
 His passion to the moon,
He charms no shepherdesses
 With Beauty till they swoon;

Poetic Stuff

No more he sets us sighing
With sadness of his dreams—
He woos us into buying
Facial creams.

Ah, say not that our age is
A tough one for the Bard,
He sells his stuff by pages,
He sells it by the yard;
The treasures of Ophir
Yield tribute to his wits;
At night he tells his chauffeur—
“To the Ritz!”

MORRIS BISHOP.

Poet Flays Temptations of City Life

Oh, abominable city!
Home of Babylonian revels!
Luring lights that know not pity!
Fascinating female devils!
Fell Temptation is a despot
And his court assembles there
In the Wicked City—Yes, but
Where?

I am proof against Temptation,
I am clad in shining armour,
I would spurn the fascination
Of a fair but hellish charmer;
From her wiles I am exempted;
Still, it's strange as it can be
That no one yet has tempted
Me.

Oh, abominable city!
Laughing Siren of seduction!
Those unhappy men I pity
Whom you tempted to destruction;

Poet Flays Temptations of City Life

Your temptation won them; now they
Cluster helplessly around it;
—But at times I wonder how they
Found it.

MORRIS BISHOP.

Not Here!

[*To be read in a Glasgow accent*]

High water, 9 A. M.

Not here the misty vapours and th' pall,
Of fog, that bars our passage to the Quay.
A clear blue sky holds brightly over all,
Only the haze adds softness to the day.
Idly, at single anchor do we lie,
Swinging the tides, while lazy harbour smoke
Drifts from our three tall funnels

Why?

.

Because they told us, with a bitter croak,
“It’s thick’s a b——y hedge at Rothesay Doak!”

High water, 9:20 P. M.

A radiant moon stands in the eastern sky,
The stars shine purely in th’ lift o’er-head.
The calm and moonlit anchorage is studded by
Bright riding lights. Not here the dread

Not Here!

Fog wraiths and vapours that would have us
bound

To slow and stop and fearfully to steer
Past endless obstacles, perhaps a-ground.

• • • • •

“*Oh! Here,*” they said . . .

“*Mebbe it’s fine an’ clear,*
But, Goad! ye’ll find it thick at Govan Pier!”

DAVID W. BONE.

The Mystic

In the still light
I see Thee; watch Thy presence stir the trees;
In singing grass
Hear Thy feet pass,
And know all speeding wings
Carry Thy joy, Thou Lord of living things!

Yet lest I miss
Some knowledge of Thy way within the world—
Keep tryst
With me, oh Christ,
In the seared face and blind,
And on the bitter lips of the unkind.

GERTRUDE BONE.

Field Wireless

Firefly and cricket
Have set up their wireless
In the fields, and tireless
They flash and click-click it.

What are they saying?
The long day is over;
The dew's on the clover:
It's time to stop playing.

There's more. They are spelling
Which way the wind's blowing,
How fast things are growing,
How good they are smelling.

Oh! I wish I could utter
Half that they're sending
And receiving, blending
Their spark and their sputter.

THE BOWLING GREEN

Sometimes you feel creepy
To think they are talking
With things that go walking
When people grow sleepy.

B. A. BOTKIN.

Casement Windows

A casement window's a magic thing,
Old romances about it cling—
And if yours looks out on your garden too,
Add moonlight and see what it does to you.

Abelard, Villon, and Romeo,
Poets and lovers of long ago,
Lifted their plea to a casement high,
Gayly determined to love or die.

When I lean out from my casement white
O'er my garden sweet in the bright moonlight
Great lovers are there mid the blossoms met
And I'm Héloïse, Marie, or Juliet.

A casement window's a magic thing,
Opening wide with impetuous fling;
Whoever did anything sweetly rash
After prudently lifting a window sash?

CLARISSA BROOKS.

The Scarlet Feather

Did you think I'd follow you
As your small gray shadows do?
Did you not know that I must run
Alive and laughing, in the sun?

That sometimes I must even wear
A scarlet feather in my hair?
A feather that were plain to see
If you should turn—and follow me.

HAZEL RAWSON CADES.

The Parish Piper

'Tis what I said in Clogher,
And Spring upon the year,
I'll rise me on the morrow's morn
And win away from here;
Since I'm the parish piper
Whose breezy heart has blown
So many partners into mates,
And I without my own.

When larks arose in Clogher
I took me at my word
To find my nough o' partners, yet
To lose the one preferred,
The while I coursed the county
And stepped to weary drone
Of many a piper's gathered tunes,
And I without my own.

Then back come I to Clogher
To play with finer art,
While memory clasped the dream of her
That danced within my heart,

THE BOWLING GREEN

But since the folk I coupled
Have gone beneath Tyrone,
I pipe their tripping childer now,
And I without my own.

'Tis what I think in Clogher,
And harvest on the year,
I'll soon be off to neighbour her
Who left me lornsome here.
And There I'll be the piper,
If still I must be lone;
Else she and I'll be partners There
And each the other's own.

FRANCIS CARLIN.

Playthings

Each time that I would find a star
While in the mood to play,
The toys of Shelley always are
In the garret-room of Day.

But when I go upstairs to bed
With but a spark o' light
'Tis I who often see them spread
Upon the floor of Night:

Beneath the rafters of the world,
Where cloudy cobwebs keep
The dust o' darkness that is whirled
Away when angels sweep.

But when the mood is mine, some day
I'll climb that garret stair;
Nor shall I be too old to play
With wonders scattered there.

THE BOWLING GREEN

For all these years are naught to me
Who yet would romp afar,
In Francis Thompson's nursery
Where Shelley's playthings are.

FRANCIS CARLIN.

The Habit

Dear knows, 'tis long since Brian lay
Bedfast, as by himself;
While candles warmed his habit, gray
As brown on broken delph.

For thirty years have gone with him
Since first his Katie dressed
In decent black she might not trim
With jet across the breast.

Yet she, with both his ring and name,
Soon doffed her shoulder cape,
Lit up her weeds with lawn, and came
To chapel in her shape.

The while, for all a neighbour's grin,
She took a crown's St. George
From which a gallant bosom-pin
Was fashioned at the forge.

THE BOWLING GREEN

And when her years put on the tints
 Of living harvest leaves,
'Tis she came out in colored prints
 And Kilmacthomas weaves.

Nor might the parish wonder should
 She yet be bravely gowned
In finery that surely would
 Be silky to the sound.

“Ay, faith! The hour is far away,”
 Said one to me, “when Kate’s
Unmindful garb shall be as gray
 As blue on broken plates.”

“For when she aired her habit out
 On a bush the other morn,
Unshadowed ravens fled the clout
 Like crows from haunted corn!”

FRANCIS CARLIN.

My Lady of the Harvest

A symphony:
Murmurs of you
And folk-songs chanted in the fields
By half-grown girls whose thin, brown arms
Weave slumberously the shroud of youth,
The creak of harvest vans heavily loaded
With fat casks of cool wine and cassocked grain
And the sighs of housewives
Who plunge plump, red arms in sudsy water
Or spank apple-bottomed babies
And remember when they, too, were adored
As I now adore you!

E. RALPH CHEYNEY.

Villanelle

[To a Lover of Manhattan]

O City of astounding towers,
Swift, white as gulls twixt sky and sea,
Thy beauty changes with the hours.

At dawn slim girls as fresh as showers
Fling their pale heads back wantonly—
O City of astounding towers!

The clangorous noon-tide gold deflowers—
Proud stand they, high, and matronly,
Thy beauty changes with the hours,

And silver dusk again endowers
With spangled, bergamasquin glee,
O City of astounding towers!

While delicate dark night o'erpowers,
Strange purple forms press amorously—
Thy beauty changes with the hours.

Villanelle

Not songs, but tears of love are ours—
But flames alone can rival thee,
O City of astounding towers,
Thy beauty changes with the hours.

HENRY S. CHURCHILL.

The Electric Bulb

An electric bulb was heard to say:
“Freedom of will is mine!
The button never yet was pressed
But that I wished to shine!”

STANTON A. COBLENTZ.

Amelia Asks for a Poem

Long may the sandstone Cherubs keep
The vault where your dead Kinsmen sleep
 In Holyrood Churchyard!
With Masses said and candles burned,
In Consecrated Ground well earned,
While the mild moon-faced Cherubs guard,
 It's well the Kinsmen sleep!

If in their dour Eternity
They dance to Harp and Psaltery,
 You seek some livelier floor!
These were no dancing breed, your Kin,
But pious goodly merchant men!
And you, the Changeling, set no store
 By Harp and Psaltery!

Howbeit though, should Peter choose
To let you, wearing dancing shoes,
 Tripping on blithe wee feet,
In lilac frock, cut shocking low,
To your Reward you'd dancing go!
Among the astounded Saints (you Sweet!)
 In red-heeled dancing shoes!

LELAND DAVIS.

Farmer Boy

Bees dot the lattice,
Gold spins the sky,
And birds from the orchard
Startled fly.

Beasts in the sweet fields
Uneasy grow,
The dog in the dark hedge
Couches low.

Sadly the June air
Wings the refrain,
For he's to the woodshed
Once again.

JACK DE LA PAIX.

Hark, Hark, the Dogs Do Bark

Down the sunny road they lurch

(Pert they prance,
Smug they skip),

And all on Sunday morning.

Decent folk go all to church,

(Prim they pass,
Stiff they stalk),

In seemly black adorning.

Some in rags and some in tags

To they trip,
Fro they frisk,

With crazy laugh and talking.

Where the willow weeping, drags

Garments green,
Drap'ries dim,

They meet the parson walking.

THE BOWLING GREEN

Beggar in a velvet gown,
Lithe of limb,
High of heart,
Her bold brown eyes on fire,
Tops him lightly with a crown:
Poppies pied,
Jonquils jaune,
And decent black attire.

In the church the people wait;
(Cling a clang,
Ding a dong)

The bell strains at the rafter.
But the parson soon or late,
(Strange to say,
True to tell)

Will ne'er be seen hereafter.

BERENICE DEWEY.

Hard Facts

If wishes were horses and promises motors
Then no one would walk, and the roads would
be gay,
With Jeremy Drudge dashing by in his
brougham
And giving Miss Clerk and her coachman
good-day.

With fluttering pennants atug at the windshield
The janitor's wife would gad all about town,
Saluting the charwoman on her high horses,
Agog in a new and magnificent gown.

And Timothy Newsboy would race with Miss
Cashgirl
On spirited ponies through concourse and
park—
But wishes are moonshine and promises mole-
hills,
And all of us foot it from daylight till dark.
BERENICE DEWEY.

Impromptu in Ego Major
[Emulating the Dons—Juan and Marquis]

PAGAN REFLECTION

To err's divine! The gods came down to
teach
Mankind to teach its womankind desire
Is no safe flame that vestals tend, but fire
That counts no mortal fuel out of reach.
When did Apollo sigh or Pan beseech?
Philandering Jove reflect on Juno's ire
Or Love's half-brother reck of Dido's pyre?
And what commandment did the pious preach?
The naked gods are dead—but now and then
Their godly conduct's copied, gossips say,
In this prim world of starched and tailored
men;
I'm sure the gossips lie, for every day
I don most mortal ready-mades, and down
The straight and narrow Subway crawl to
town.

Impromptu in Ego Major

BYRONIC MOMENT

Somewhere in all the midnight must be bliss,
Respite at least for fevered men like me
Who thirst until the dawn wind stirs to be
Far from to-day, to-morrow, and from this—
Deep down the Colorado's black abyss,
Out by the star-girt navel of the sea
Or where a stifled spring's one dying tree.
Marks the wide desert's wildest oasis.
Hush, wailing soul! Let slumber take us where
The round world's rim, the moon and the blue
night
Will hide inconsequential things that hurt you:
Late suppers, germs, your lifelong ingrained
virtue,
Tobacco, violent dreams, the itch to write,
Tall girls like cold young queens with yellow
hair.

MIDDLE VICTORIAN REFLECTION

Diane, Diane, in pity's name what matter
When we are dead or soon when we are old
That I was righteous or that you were cold,
That there were eyes to spy and lips to chatter?

THE BOWLING GREEN

What but the cup our hands let slip and shatter,
Your glorious song unsung, my heart untold,
These lines I meant to weave you cloth of gold
Weaving cheap motley, stuff for fools to tatter?
—I am a fool, Diane, to make false moan.
For you were cold, so, burning, I was mute—
Not wise or righteous! Come, a better thing
That still your song is in you, yet to sing,
And still the hungering heart is mine alone,
And cloth of gold I know for brigand's loot.

LATE VICTORIAN MOMENT

To find the grimdest legend gospel-true
Would be just like my queer luck when I die:
A dour old City Magistrate on high
Dispensing harps and robes, damnation too.
The wingèd Clerk, ere Peter let me through,
Would search his notes for my dull page and sigh
While jeers would rise from Hell, “Its betters
 fry
For less than once that white soul failed to do!”
Of Matthew's rulings, Yahveh then might read
The one that ends “already in his heart.”
“But only there!” might smoothly special-
 plead
My mouthpiece Saint, “except in flippant art;

Impromptu in Ego Major

“My innocent client merely looked and
flamed——”

Of which now write me, Angel, unashamed!

AND MORNING TUB

Tosh! If the moon’s half mad, the sun is sane,
He’ll laugh her thin illusion off, and rid
The world and me, as ever his humour did
Of glooms and vapours she pretends are pain.
This tendril now she shows me as a chain,
Those twigs she shadows down, a martyr’s grid,
That clod she makes a dead king’s pyramid,
Will fade and shrink to trivial facts again.
And I’ll shrink too, thank fortune! In my bath
I’ll croon no misereres, but will roar
In three wrong keys the lusty “Toreador.”
Then meet the sun along the garden path,
Where, laughing with him at these moonstruck
hours,
I’ll grub content among autumnal flowers.

HARRY ESTY DOUNCE.

Sho' Nough Steamboats X

[According to Unc' Henry Glenn, an old deck-hand on Kanawha and Ohio River boats.]

To W. S. L.

Dese steamboats on de Hudson,
I guess dey's mighty fine,
But dey ain' got no paddle wheel
Awhirlin' roun' behine,
Kickin' up de water
An' chawin' up de foam—
De steamboats on de Hudson
Ain' like de boats down home.

*De steamboats on de Hudson—
Lord knows whut make 'em go—
Dey ain' like de steamboats
Dat I uster know,
A-steamin' down Kanawhy
An' de Ohio.*

Sho' Nough Steamboats

I sho'ly miss de ole boats;
I seem ter see 'em still:
City er Cincinnati,
An' de City er Louisville,
De fine ole *Annie Laury*—
An' all of dem wuz Queens—
An' de *James K. Speed*, a-speedin'
Clean down ter New Awleens!

Dem great white steamboats
Wid dey smokestacks high,
Blowin' clouds er smoke out
On de wide blue sky;
Whistlin' in de mornin'
Way down aroun' de ben':
An' lawsy how I'd like ter see
De ole boats once ergain—

De schooners an' de liners,
An' de little tuggin' boats
A-chuggin' through de water
Like a bunch er frisky shoats,
Dey sho'ly goes a-humpin'
But dis I wants ter know:
How come dem boats ain' got no wheels
An' whut makes 'em go?

THE BOWLING GREEN

I wuz fotch up on de ole boats
(No use fer me ter 'plain).
Git out de way an' gimme room!
I gwine home ergain:
I likes de Hudson steamboats
But I jes got ter go
Back to de ole Kanawhy
An' de Ohio.

GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW.

Ships in Hampton Roads

Beyond the walls of gray Monroe,
Beyond the battered dark sea wall,
How many dream ships pass and go
To what unnoted ports of call!
Fine craft are they
That all the day
Go down the still slow-swinging bay.

Low-lying freighters, deep and dark,
Go plodding up the soundless tide,
And here and there a graceful bark,
Her wan sails spreading high and wide,
Skims gallantly
Against the sea—
A ship of splendid dreams to me.

And toiling coasters ply and pass—
The heaving hadden bulks of trade;
A schooner; some huge galleas
That leaves behind no darkening shade

THE BOWLING GREEN

Or smoky train—
Sweeps to the main,
Laden—who knows—with gold of Spain.

*The tart salt sea winds call, and oh,
The channel swells are white with foam!
Down Hampton Roads the still ships go,
But I must stay and dream at home.*

GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW.

Sho' Nough Band Music

[*Uncle Pete, a member of the Charleston¹ Coloured Masons' Band, Philosophizes.*]

(To W. S. L.)



Sam, he plays de trombone
In de cullud Masons' ban',
And de gals dey set and watch him
On de big gran' stan',
How he fling dat horn a-flutin'
In de a'r, aroun' an' roun',
Keepin' time unto de music,—
He's de bigges' man in town.
Kaze it's fine ter play dat trombone,
But as sho' as you er born,
I sits back in de corner
Wid mah ol' bass horn,

Wid mah *um-pah, um-pan, um-pah*,
Jes' as easy as you please,
An' mah Adam's apple dancin'
Like de apples on de trees.

¹West Virginia.

THE BOWLING GREEN

An' Sam, he's sweatin', workin'
Like he's diggin' up de corn,
But I plays mah easy *um-pah*
On mah ol' bass horn.

Dat Saxophone! Jim plays it;
And Lawdy, how it do
Git down inter my gizzud
Whenever she is bleu;
And mah foot, hit keeps a-pattin'
Out de time, upon de flo' . . .
But I likes my plain ol' *um-pah*
On de bass horn dat I blow.

When we marches to de fun'ral
Of a brutha dats decease,
We always plays a lonesome
Sorter solemnccolly piece;
And de French horns and de toobeys,
And de big bassoon
And de rattlin' little tenner drum
Doan' play no jolly tune.

*But, makes no diffunce whut dey plays
Kaze, sho' as you er born,
I plays mah little um-pah
On my ol' bass horn.*

GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW.

Drinking Song

[In Memoriam Emile Bacardi]

In planter's punch or daiquiri,
I'd sing thy praises, Bacardi,
In beakers six or seven.

The angels sing now thou hast come,
"They bless thy name who bless thy rum
On earth as it is in heaven."

Full¹ many a time and oft I've sat
Where ardent suns reduce men's fat
To slowly trickling water,
And 'neath a palm tree's shade entice
To drink thy nectar, limes and ice
Mixed by some ebon daughter.

Oh, who shall say how many a fog
And gale is cheated by your grog.
Which cheers cold men at sea;
And who shall say how many fears
And worries in this vale of tears
Have routed been by thee?

¹This word not accented.

THE BOWLING GREEN

Then drink a toast, O ye who can,
Oh, lucky ones, drink to this man
Whose name will vanish never,
While Cuba's canes will grow on end
And Santiago's bay shall send
His spirits on forever.

IRVING FINEMAN.

As It Was in the Beginning

Up in my tower I sat alone,
Telling myself in a mournful tone
How sinfully blind were ancient men
Who stoned the prophets preaching then,
When down in the street I heard a cry
And the feet of many rushing by.

“There in the market place he stands,
A tall, thin prophet with long thin hands!
Come and get a paving stone, come and get a
brick,
Come and get a house-tile and stone him,
quick!”

How could I think of ancient things?
I went down the stairs as if on wings,
I ran with the crowd to the market place
And flung an ink bottle full in his face.

MILDRED FOCHT.

Four Trees

At the corners of my house
 I will have four trees;
They will lay their arms about,
 Evil creatures keeping out;
I shall have no dread nor doubt
 In the care of these.

I will choose a maple tree
 For its magic ways:
Tufted coral in the spring,
 Then a green pavilions,
And a mystic golden thing
 In the autumn days;

And a tall horse-chestnut tree
 From my childhood's town,
With its cones of creamy bloom.
 Candles lit in leafy gloom,
Which for glossy fruit make room
 Quaintly marked and brown;

Four Trees

And of course an apple-tree
 Just for happiness;
For its clouds of pink and white,
And its breath of pure delight,
And its rosy cheeks to bite
 With a sharp caress;

And a poplar tree that knows
 All the ancient pain;
Bringing comfort with a sigh
And a song to slumber by,
As it whispers soft and shy
 In a voice of rain.

At the corners of my house
 I will have four trees:
They will guard me night and day,
Keeping evil things away;
To the saints I need not pray—
 I am safe with these.

MILDRED FOCHT.

Child's Play

On the grass sat Two-years-old:
Through the leaves a spot of gold
Danced upon her small dark head,
Two-years-old was very still;
Only to herself she said
In the way that children will,
Something in a chanting round,
Fascinated by the sound.

Curiously I strained my ears;
Then I could not see for tears,
What the baby said was this,
Making of the words a play,
“*He is dead, my father is,*
Dead and gone away;
He is dead, my father is,
Dead and gone away.”

MILDRED FOCHT.

Recompense X

What did I give you, I who gave so much,
That you have not returned a thousand-fold?
I shall remember when I am grown old
Your happy ways, the comfort of your touch.
What was unworthy in me you despised
Yet taught me patiently your nobler creed,
Letting me see by word and kindly deed
How perfect friendship could be realized.
Myself I gave you—selfish, cramped, and blind
Only—I loved you—and your silver strength,
Your joyous heart and understanding mind
Taught me your wise humanity at length.
You gave me back myself, renewed and whole;
Your handiwork—a comprehending soul.

LESLIE GANNON.

Jim

Jim was a sinner, not hard as horn
As others think, but a sinner still;
Yet deep in the muck, there stands forlorn
But shining, a princely act of will.

To throw him to tridents of pricking imps
Or the deceptive blue of a brimstone flame,
To hell, in short, where no slightest glimpse
Of hope cheers those but half to blame—

To treat him thus who, facing odds,
Wrote large on the golden tome, a Deed,
Would prove that Higher Justice also nods.
It must not be. The heart's above the creed.

For surely up there where the good man soars
There must be crowns to polish, robes to crease,
Harps to restrung and other lowly chores
Which, left to angels, might disturb the peace.

Jim

Just the sort of job for grizzly Jim!
I see him, halo at a rakish slant,
Rubbing, lest the golden floor grow dim,
Humming gently while the angels chant.

They sit around his workshop after court,
Try hard to look pained at his little joke,
Wondering how he chanced to reach that Port,
Jealous of the flask in his ragged poke. . . .
Just a little reminder, in their home impearled,
Of the Other World!

IRVING GERDY.

“All in a Garden Green”

[Seventeenth century song]

“All in a garden green” you sang
One sunny morning late in May
And through the pleasaunce-walk it rang
And stole my willing heart away;
The while I plied my viol and bow,
 Lady, Lady,
But that was centuries ago—
 My dear Lady.

We sat beneath a high green hedge,
Close-clipped and smelling sweet of yew,
I claimed a lover’s privilege
And to my lips your fingers drew.
The song did falter on its way,
 Lady, Lady,
That sunny morning late in May—
 My dear Lady.

“All in a Garden Green”

“All in a garden green” you sang
And bade me take again my viol.
I thought my very heart did hang
Upon your silver notes the while.
My dearest dear, I loved you so.

Lady, Lady.
And that was centuries ago—
My dear Lady.

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST.

New Year's Resolution

I'll junk a lot of feelings,
Sort out my cluttered thoughts,
And trim my mental piece with shiny
Cans and Wills and Oughts.

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST.

O Si Sic Omnes

Some things I'll not rehearse
In verse;
Some things will ever silent be
Inside of me:
Because they have to be forgotten
Or never thought on.
For just this once my firm intent
Is to be strictly reticent.

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST.

Spring in the Subway

In these dim corridors of shattering sound
Where there is neither real night nor day,
And naught to tell if skies be clear or gray
In the fair other-world above the ground,
Except where, here and there, the sun has found
An opening to push in a pallid ray
Where glimmering silver showers of dust motes
 play;
What is there here to say that hills are crowned
With dewy splendor, and that fields are sweet
With April's store of blossoming delight?

And yet I knew 'twas so the moment that
A blue-eyed girl came tripping from the street
Bearing into the gloom a garland bright
Of cotton buttercups upon her hat.

ELSA GILL.

*“A Soldier of the Legion Lay Dying
in Algiers”*

If you could only see me dying here,
Spread over sundry feet of messy sand,
In this wild, heathen, unenlightened land—
Pillowed on the dead paunch of an Emir,
Who left his toothmarks on my unwashed ear
(And kept a harem, too, I understand,
As well as captaining a robber band),
I know you'd think it quite improper, dear.

Yet, all in all, I feel a strange content
When I remember with what pains you tried
To turn my soul from its untidy bent,
And make me leave my sinning and repent;
How, when I swore or smoked my pipe, you
cried—
Gosh, how you'd rave to see the way I died!
RAMON GUTHRIE.

Curtain

Lower the curtain, let the scene end,
Though the play's not half through!
If the people want their money back, let the box
office pay:
The show that has no finale is better, could they
but know—
But some, denied a happy ending, will want
their feelings soothed—
So pay them, if they demand!

If any should ask why the play was stopped—
(Though none will wait to see!)
Tell them the plot broke down and the parts be-
came impossible:
(Has an actor no rights?)
The star had been improvising most of the last
scene—
Mouthing meaningless sounds—
Threading a dubious way amidst the sets—
The antiquated rubbish of the stage!

Curtain

That was a weird experience he hinted at!
All was familiar when the play began:
He had his lines, he knew his way about,
But presently, it seems, he lost himself:
He wandered into remote, unreal lands—
Forgot his lines, or saw them grow confused—
Whilst all the other actors turned to ghosts!

The playwright slipped, I guess:
He followed the vagaries of the actor's thought
Clean to the brink of a precipice—of mind—
But he left the stage unchanged!
So, suddenly,
Our friend beheld his world turn round and
round:
His mind was slipping down the precipice—
His feet still clung to the old, familiar rug
In front of the fireplace—where cold ashes lay!

He tried to pull himself—I mean his worlds—
Together—but his will was powerless!
He tried to call up clues, suggestions, tricks—
No more:
His will went downward to the slimy deeps—
His shoulder leaned against the mantelpiece!
He saw it all—as one who, from some height,

THE BOWLING GREEN

Watches the rain below, the sun above
A cloud that threatens, presently, to blot him
out!

He's gone: no telling what he'll do henceforth!
If he waits for the author to finish up the play,
He may have to wait for years: Playwrights are
slow!—

He may come back and improvise the part,
Stumbling through to an end—but I think not!
He may be gone for good, leaving the stage
To wander forever in the primrose fields!
He may seek quick release in the stormy seas!

My own guess is he's off to write his play:
He's through with authors who let things get
mixed:

He's long been tired of reading others' lines;
And he's not brave enough to improvise
For more than some few brief moments at a
time!

I think he hopes to catch life unawares and
wring

Her last amazing secret from the wench!
My own opinion is he'll not be back.

J. K. H.

On Reading the Memoirs of a Midget

I can remember in my father's house,
Set on a shelf well out of childish reach,
A tiny model of the *A. D. Snow*—
Perfect in each detail, a fairy thing,
Fashioned on some far voyage long ago.

Her masts were fragile things, a finger high,
Her rigging ordered, frail as cobweb lace,
And yet no toy, but compact truth and strength
By patient sailor magic shaped, and sealed
In a small bottle half a foot in length.

One poised the lovely puzzle in the glass,
One showed a world in tragic miniature
That hath to-day enthralled my heart and brain,
Pent in such narrow compass to behold
Infinite passion and revolt and pain.

ELIZABETH FITZGERALD HANLY.

October Garden

My garden feels the touch of fall
And, like a damsel, winter dreading,
She spins herself a damasked shawl
With red and gold and purple threading.
The cosmos breaks in starry bloom
Upon the robe of her designing;
Chrysanthemums from her rich loom
Are warmly her deep bosom twining.

October beats against her heart
And blusters he will be her master!
Defiantly she bends her art
To weave perfection in an aster!
Yet well the queenly maid must know
For all the splendour she may pattern,
November's fierce, relentless blow
Will show her to the world a slattern!

DANIEL HENDERSON.

The Business Changes Hands

The business changes hands; accountants come
To scrutinize the books and search the files.
Disturbing rumours through the office hum:
Mysterious, keen-eyed men stroll down the
aisles.

Department heads, whose places are in doubt,
Pursue their duties with unworried faces,
As if to say that if they are let out
They know where they can go to better places.

But Billingslea, a plodding under-clerk,
Wonders if he is slated for discharge,
And pales before the spectre Out of Work,
And tries to make his occupation large.

Night falls; desks close; his comrades homeward
fare;
He stays and toils in bribery to fate,
Hoping approving glances come from where
His god writes down: "Your pay will termi-
nate—"

DANIEL HENDERSON.

Two Rondeaux to New York

I. WINTER

I love New York in Winter time,
When streets are slush of snow and rime,
And taxis bump and skid along,
And millions into subways throng,
And other millions from them climb.

I almost feel that such sublime,
Courageous patience transcends crime,
And yet I hail it in my song—
I love New York.

I also sing the box where I'm
Directed to insert my dime
Upon the bus; its teeth are strong,
It bites my coin, then rings a gong;
Grasping, but giving back a chime—
I love New York!

Two Rondeaux to New York

II. SUMMER

New York, I love you—dog-days, too;
When all your concrete cañons stew
The noon-day hordes that ebb and flow;
While deep in tunnels thousands go,
Still shines for some your harbour view.

The cleansing sea sends breezes through
Each island street and avenue;
Because for you sea-sirens blow.
New York, I love you.

For all your towers still rising new,
Your pinnacles that pierce the blue
Of summer skies, and shadows throw
To cool the hurrying crowds below;
For nights mosquito-less in you,
New York, I love you!

MAY FOLWELL HOISINGTON.

To a Wise and Beautiful Baby

He has eyes blue as
Grape hyacinths
That come in spring
And grow within the wood's dark shade;
Glowing brightly as the wing
Of any blue jay ever made,

He has eyes blue as
Grape hyacinths.
His hair is gay as
Daffodils
That nod and dip
In April rain,
And when the sun comes
Out again
They seem to sing
With yellow joy.

His hair is gay as
Daffodils.

To a Wise and Beautiful Baby

His mouth is solemn.
Sweetly so.
He listens when the black winds blow,
Wisely he nods
When in the room
Flickering Bright Fire licks the gloom.
He knows the mystery behind the fire.
And he loves the wind playing
With a larch tree for a lyre.

That's why
His mouth is solemn.
Sweetly so.

He lives within a strange
Bright world
Of orange balls and furry things.
Of elves and fairies with thin wings
Spun of the light
Of rain at night.

He lives within a strange
Bright world.

He is as lovely as the spring
When the brown earth is blossoming
I may not give him more than that,

THE BOWLING GREEN

Who has the magic gift of youth
Undimmed by fears or stinging ruth.
May youth go with him through the years.
So I may always of him sing;
He is as lovely as the spring
When the brown earth is blossoming.

DOROTHY HOMANS.

Grapes from Thorns

When the golden wood on golden days
Lay still in the sun;
When sumach in the swamp was all ablaze
Came one
Who bent to me. Bright was my amaze
At the wonder and the beauty of his ways.
He with his Spanish eyes and scarlet cloak
Showed me the magic blue in bonfire smoke;
Showed me polished chestnuts under stiff faded
leaves;
“There are fallen-moon pumpkins and corn in
sheaves.”
And “Listen—the bells are ringing in the
town—
Promise you will always wear a leaf-green
gown.”

Here in the golden woods I walk alone,
For he of the Spanish eyes and scarlet cloak is
gone.
Sorry enough was I to see him go,
For in my own way I loved him so.

THE BOWLING GREEN

But sorrier far was I to know that he
Saw not the beauty that he showed to me.
To bind me, hold me fast, he used it merely.
To use it thus he saw so clearly—
“Beauty is a chain. Invisible but strong
To bind her to me. To make her love me long.”

The barberry bush is hung with jewels bright.
The ripening apples fall
In the lane by the wandering gray wall.
Across the river the hills stretch out.

They seem
Like old drowsy dragons, a-drowsing in a dream.
Black crows turn westward in the amber light.
They scatter, cawing in their sombre flight.
On the hilltop where the tall pines sing
The small quick-silver squirrels bring
Nuts for the long white nights to come
When Corydon a-cold blows on his thumb.

I walk the golden woods alone;
Was there someone ever here who now is gone?
Who told me tales of autumn’s glory?
The story teller I’ve forgot—
But not the story.

DOROTHY HOMANS.

My Mother

My Mother's cheeks are fat,
My Mother's nose is thin,
Her teeth are made of bone
But they are filled with tin.

My Mother's nose is blue,
My Mother's eyes are green,
She is my boss and pal,
She is my regent queen.

My Mother's ears are small,
My Mother's face is big,
Her hair is all her own,
She never wears a wig.

My Mother likes to eat,
She also likes to cook,
She likes to sit up most all night
Reading a naughty book.

THE BOWLING GREEN

My Mother dresses nice,
And she has lots and lots
Of clothes all pink and blue,
And mauve with yellow dots.

My Mother likes to boss
And tell me what to do,
But sometimes we swap round
And then I run her too.

My Mother cannot sleep
Unless she's full of food,
Candy and soup and beans
And prunes that have been stewed

My Mother loves me so
She loves each word I write,
And every rhyme I make
Rhymes just for her delight.

HELEN UNDERWOOD HOYT.

Captain Kidd

A buccaneer, a bad man,
A pirate man I be,
Who curses before breakfast
And chanteys before tea.

A tall ship, a square ship,
A rakish ship for mine,
With blood in her lee scuppers
And decks all white with brine.

With tall spars, with black spars,
And masts as black as teak;
With dirty sails and splintered rails,
The Roger at the peak.

A wicked crew, an ugly crew,
A crew of evil mien,
Who carry dirks and cutlasses
And pistols stuck atween.

THE BOWLING GREEN

A wild sea, a hollow sea.
Up solid to the truck;
With murdered niggers in the hold
And one strung up for luck.

A wet night, a black night,
Rebellion and red rum.
The galley-boy half crazy.
The wheel watch drunken numb.

A drunken crew, a fighting crew,
Roaring a bloody yell,
“I’ll slit you through your undershirt
And send your soul to hell!”

“I’m Captain of this outfit:
I’ll scuttle the whole damn brood.
For a Bible or a jug of rum
I’d knife ye!” And I would.

T. B. HUNT.

• *Search Warrant*

From those clear eyes that quietly appraise
I can no secret hide; nor would I dare,
Concealing contraband of Thought, declare
My mind enfranchised and my tale of days
Exempt from tax. In that calm, level gaze
I read your warrant for a search; and there
See all my selfish follies, stark and bare,
Set out for record of my worldly ways.

Impose the penalty and take the dues,
Justice and Jury both. I waive appeal;
And ask a quittance, but would not refuse
A clement discount ere you set the seal.
Shameless and passing bold, I claim rebate;
Knowing I hold your heart for Advocate.

I. J.

Evidence

I've seen it so—
Light comes from God
To make things grow.

He tells the sun to gleam,
Then, sends each blade of grass,
To make it grow—one beam.

Each night he lights afar—
To help me grow a dream—
A certain, twinkling star.

And, combing in the dark,
I watch God grow my hair
With a tiny bluish spark!

J. K.

The Liberty Motor

Silent, she rests before the sweeping wing
Bound fast to tautened wires and straining
spars,

Which she will swing aloft till heaven bars
Her progress. She a steel and iron Thing?
Ah, no—ye never heard the goddess sing
As she whirled headlong towards the dizzy stars,
Chanting her love-song for the god of wars;
Fierce love of him when all her metals ring.

Her very heart is made of steel and fire.
Her panting breaths are drawn with countless
gears.

No less the burden of her fierce desire
Makes swelling music in a freeman's ears.
For, though the scientist has been her sire,
He knows she was half born of women's tears.

HENRY W. KING.

George Meredith to Miss Dixon

[June 9, 1892.]

From *Box Hill, Dorking*, so the heading reads,
Lettered in red; and underneath, his hand
Has scrawled of Motterone and the land
He loved so well (his children did brave deeds
In Italy!); he prays the pleasant meads
May once more greet him if he there shall stand
Alone, as yesterday, or with a band
Of such companions as a poet needs.
Yet he is now grown old and may not run
As once he did before the eastern sun.
His garden and a dusty dream must fill
The want he feels for shouting up the hill.
And so the letter ends; save for the flame
Wrought by the glowing letters of his name.

HENRY W. KING.

To Pyrrha in the Poconos

Sweet, you have gone for a season's vacationing,
Far from Manhattan's three million or so;
New Street, the scene of my once frequent
stationing—
Why, but to meet you?—seems empty and
slow.

Dull is the vista of Wall Street and Trinity;
Broadway is just a delusion and snare;
Wanly I view each familiar vicinity,
Knowing and grieving that you are not there.

Dining alone in a haunt of the Villagers
Here on West Fourth Street, I try to forget;
Scant is the comfort from Pirates and pillagers;
Ah, none at all, from a green cigarette!

What has the playhouse of verve or variety?
All that is thrilling and new has been shown;
What were the brightest and best, but satiety,
Seen without holding your hand in my own?

THE BOWLING GREEN

Yet there is balm for my spirit in Gilead;
Hope for the heart that is chastened and
meek;
Else were the tale of my sorrows an Iliad;
You are expected at home in a week!

RHEINHART KLEINER.

To Lalage

[*On Her Resignation as File Clerk*]

Sweet mistress of the cabinets,
Our lady of the files,
What tender pangs and soft regrets
Were masked beneath our smiles,

When you who guarded all our store
Of circular and writ—
Our carbons charged with selling lore—
Announced your plan to quit!

What matter if the sheets you placed
So prettily among
Your folders, could no more be traced?
For you were very young!

Who frowned if from your utmost ken,
As from your strictest care,
Our papers vanished yet again?
For you were very fair!

THE BOWLING GREEN

We bought you candy once a week,
And gum for every day;
Your grateful look and blushing cheek
Were held sufficient pay.

You left us on a night in June;
Our desk lamps glimmered pale;
Our Burroughs clicked a little rune
That mortal loves are frail.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Obeyed a word from you;
But put our precious file to rights
Was more than you could do!

RHEINHART KLEINER.

Brooklyn, My Brooklyn

Though other scenes might lure me far
From happiness and home,
No peace would they procure me, far
Away across the foam.
To Brooklyn should I turn again
From fairest towns and shires,
And all my bosom burn again
To know her streets and spires!

I'd turn from Glory's very house—
And were it sacrilege?
To see the Fulton Ferry house,
Beside the Brooklyn Bridge;
To hear the passing roar above
Of elevated trains,
That thrill me as they soar above
Unnumbered marts and fanes.

I'd miss the books so pleasingly
Displayed on Fulton Street;
The other wares that teasingly
Remind of things to eat.

THE BOWLING GREEN

I'd weary for that restful place,
Where benches, warm and wide,
In Montague's most zestful place
Look down upon the tide.

'Tis there when spring was flowering,
I'd yearn to watch the bay,
And old Manhattan towering
Beyond the river's play;
'Tis there I'd light my pipe at eve,
And watch the sun go down,
For random thoughts are ripe at eve,
When dusk is on the town.

Oh, Brooklyn offers graciously
The gifts she has to give;
Her sons, who speak veraciously,
Say, "Here's the place to live!"
When Fate, no longer lenient,
Gives cause to sink and sigh,
There's hardly so convenient
A place in which to die!

RHEINHART KLEINER.

Snapshot

This, they tell me, is a photograph of you,
Posed before a young tree
In a springtime garden,
Cradling with unpractised arms
A nursling that was I.

Now none of us—
Nor you, nor I, nor the tree—
Remembers.

For I have lived too many years
To recall your arms.
Or the garden,
Or that sunlit tree.
And by another spring
You and the tree
Were one with a multitude
Of springtime things
Cut down.

DONALD LINDSAY.

The Flying House, and the May Queen Eternal

Queen Venus, come now, be my heroine,
To form my pictures, and to scan my song,
And dominate that tall, enchanted house,
Invisible house, where I have lived so long.

Fast-flying house, that crosses sea and land.
House, always mine and empty but for me.
Fly near me, so your shadow may be near
And fall across my doors, and comfort me.

That house, all lights and shadows and no walls,
Has, for its doors and windows, barriers proud,
Closed wings for doors, or open wings for doors
And, for its windows, wind-harps, singing loud.

Even your wing-whirr is a comfort there,
Your wireless whisper heard, though far away,
Makes you the heroine in that tall house.
The romance stays, if such fine honours stay.

Flying House

Here I will live on shadows, if I must,
Kissing one shadow's soft eyes to the end.
I will write out and draw new wind-harp rhymes,
Sons of your shadow's flesh and blood, dear
friend.

Although you swoop off, alien and far
Smiling one smile a day, or maybe two,
So, once or twice, life comes, and better light.
Even that cautious smile, has hints of you.

VACHEL LINDSAY.

Walls

Down the highway and over the wall
I climbed for the fun of it.
There lay a garden, secrets and all—
I had the run of it.

I saw a pond and lilies asleep,
Some roses, with bees on!
But I stole away with just one peep
And don't know the reason.

VIRGINIA WOODS MACKALL.

Work

I work and work, but I can't see
That it's of any good to me.

For though I put my toys away
I have to get them out next day;

And when I wash my hands and face
It shows up dark another place.

Work always means more work, and so
I'd rather let the whole thing go.

VIRGINIA WOODS MACKALL.

To the Memory of Charles Stuart Calverley

[Born December 22, 1831.]

In the shy light of the twilight, when the day's
departing high light
Leaves my attic 'neath the skylight in a dull and
dreamy haze,
Then my fancies cease to wander in the noisy
world out yonder
And I sit alone and ponder on the poetry that
pays.

I have nothing new to utter, but I must have
bread and butter,
And I'll soon be in the gutter if I do not pay my
rent.
I was never skilled in fiction, but I swing poetic
diction
In a metre without friction, though of thought
quite innocent.

To the Memory of Charles Stuart Calverley

In the stress that I am under I conceive it right
to plunder

The poetic fire and thunder that successful poets
fling.

So instead of reperusing favourite poets of their
choosing

Folk might read me without losing any song the
masters sing.

For it seems that almost any little man might
make a penny

If he took the flower of Tennyson and turned it
into bread.

He's a shade and needs no dinner like this im-
pecunious sinner;

To a hungry pup beginner what's a lion that is
dead?

It would harm D. G. Rossetti very little if my
debt he

Helped diminish through a petty theft com-
mitted in his House.

And would generous Robert Browning show a
ghostly visage frowning

If his Pippa saved from drowning a poor literary
mouse?

THE BOWLING GREEN

I will mix these standard metals, mould new
cups from ancient kettles

(Ah, the melting prospect settles all the bills I've
owed so long!)

I will be the universal, the eclectic, the rehearsal
Of all poets, and my purse'll sing a jingling
golden song.

But while fancy thus composes an alluring
world of roses,

Suddenly a doubt discloses that my dream is all
a sham.

How can I be this composite when there's been
a man who was it,

Who has rifled every closet and tried every jar
of jam?

Calverley, Prince Imitator, most ingenious
Recreator,

Who made all the great ones greater, wizard
Parodist complete!

You preempted every master, turned his
rhymes—and turned them faster—

You left only sure disaster to all imitative feet!

JOHN MACY.

Snow

All night I heard the dry snow whispering
And tapping faintly on my window pane;
Whispering like some old witch-hag gone insane:
Although the tapping seemed more like a bird
Beating against the pane with a feeble wing.
Perhaps it was just the noises of the snow;
Perhaps I was foolish to think I overheard
"Two struggling horses trapped in drifts and
smothered. . . ."
"One white-haired farmer shuffling home to
sleep. . . ."
"A broken roof—six frozen sheep below. . . ."
"A girl whose two weeks' child will go un-
mothered. . . ."
"A bundle of feathers frozen in a heap. . . ."
"A cow that lost herself and froze her
udder. . . ."
I turned back from the window with a shudder.

JOSEPH MONCURE MARCH.

Sonnet in Praise of Tact

[Loitering, with intent to admire, on Riverside Drive before daybreak is regarded by the city's myrmidons with profound suspicion. A pause of ten minutes to comprehend the view from the bastions of the Driveway by 145th Street evokes more than one questing guardian of the law.]

“Earth hath not anything to show more fair,”
Said Wordsworth, standing on Westminster Bridge.

(Loafing, of course, the poetizing midge!)
Strange that some Cop did not call “*Move on there!*”

As he would do should any poet dare
To loiter on the Drive in early morn,
Ere the blue velvet darkness hath been torn
By Phœbus into streams of crystal air.
Never would Cop magnanimously coil
His portly presence in some friendly door,
Or hesitate the magic hour to spoil

Sonnet in Praise of Tact

While Wordsworth watched (and thought of
Thames no more)
Those spangled harbingers of daily toil—
The trolley cars upon the Jersey shore.

WILLIAM McFEE.

The Cheerful Abstainer

I know a hundred ways to die;
I've often thought I'd try one;
Lie down beneath a motor truck
Some day when standing by one,

Or throw myself from off a bridge,
Except such things must be
So hard upon the scavengers
And men that clean the sea.

I know some poison I could drink;
I've often thought I'd taste it;
But Mother bought it for the sink,
And drinking it would waste it.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

I Wonder

I thought you were a wonder, Mary Jones,
In those far days; your eyes of azure hue;
Your lips; your freckled nose; the laugh of
you;
But, most of all, those full of wonder tones
In which you'd say, "I wonder if we're late?
I wonder if this hat of mine's on straight?
I wonder if they'll really start at eight?
I wonder if we shut the garden gate?"

Wonderful nights they were, those when we'd
walk
Together arm in arm, while you would talk
And I would wonder at your wondrous tones.
The years have passed. Our lives have run
asunder.
I wonder if you're still Miss Mary Jones.
But most I wonder where and what you wonder.
T. M. MORROW.

O, Very Soon, Now

O, very soon, now, on the earth and sky,
 Will come a special light till it will seem
That hills and dim horizons where they lie
 Wear once again some quality of dream;
And cool, wet odours where the ploughlands
 are
 Will seek us out and make us strange and still
Till we shall grow too thoughtful of a star
 In dreamy splendour hung above a hill.

And young girls strolling in the April street
Will laugh, not understanding half their
laughter,
Nor the new light in faces that they meet;
And old men, seeing them will think there-
after
How warm and friendly now the sun will fall,
O, very soon, on doorstep, yard, and wall.

DAVID MORTON.

In a Girls' School

These walls will not forget, through later days,
How they had bloomed with lifted, tossing
heads
Of swaying girls who thronged these ordered
ways,
Like windy tulips blowing in their beds.
They will remember laughter down a hall,
And eyes more bright than blossoms in the
grass—
A dream to haunt them, after all and all,
When they are dust with dusty things that
pass.
So that some wind of beauty, waking then,
Whose breath shall be new summertimes for
earth,
Will stir these scattered stones to dreams again,
Of blowing shapes, of brightening eyes and
mirth,
And corridors, like windy tulip beds,
Of swaying girls and lifted, tossing heads.

DAVID MORTON.

Human Flies

Because there was a thing to advertise—
Crown, clown or creed, a theory or a phrase:
“God and the king!” “Vox populi!”—the
cries,
The instant’s gaping awe, the drifting praise
Swept the poor insects from their lowly ways
Up the sheer walls of war; the howling skies
Clawed at them while they clung their mo-
ment; rays
Of wintry glory mocked their dying eyes.

Still for the greed of princes, craze of mobs,
Death, tawdry showman, keeps street holi-
day.
Still float his pennons black and red—still rise
The cliffs of madness o’er the grave that robs
His doomed performers of their pitiful
pay. . . .
And all our earth is black with fallen flies.

A-N.

Ship News

[Greek ship lost between Piræus and Salamis.—
News Item.]

Piræus . . . Salamis . . . What sails
are these,
Glinting with golden dust of centuries
Ard suns of glory long since set, that dock
'Mid alien steamers at our grimy wharves?
Dispatches—cable, radio, telegraph,
And bulging mail bags—these can wait. We
know
What news they bring. . . . Come, heralds,
quit your galley.
What of Piræus? What of Salamis?

“Thermopylæ is lost—Leonidas
And all his men sleep with the host they slew.
The flood of Asia through the river dam
Roars down on Athens, cracks an empty shell.
The city built of earth is gone, to rise
Upon the wave, with freedom fugitive.

THE BOWLING GREEN

For Athens rides the sea, her ramparts now
The wooden walls the oracle foretold.

“The Grecian ships are massed at Salamis;
And at the entrance to their harbourage,
Like cat at mouse hole, Xerxes’ mighty fleet
Crouches to spring. . . . Our captains argue
down

Flight-poised allies till flight is vain. . . .
All day

The bosom of our fair Greek plain, the sea,
Heaves with the anguish of the fight. . . .

All day
Looks Xerxes from his throne, as at a play.
He hath his fill of tribute out of Greece:
Water and earth!—Our blue Ægean drinks
The boasts of Persia, and the Persian chains
Rust in her ooze. . . .

“Good news from Salamis!
O ye who love brave deeds—O ye who kneel
At freedom’s altar only—Athens lives!
And from her ashes presently shall rise.
For to Piræus now we point our prows.
Good news, O sons of freedom—freedom lives!”

Ship News

Piræus . . . Salamis . . . Those shining
sails
Gray in the twilight now. . . . The anchor's
up.
Linger a little, while they thread their course
Among our dingy craft, to sea again.
Dreams dock but seldom in our ports of trade.
Piræus . . . Salamis . . . They are
lost between . . .

A-N.

Alien

Pink and white and purple blooms, heliotrope
and scarlet,
Melting blue and amethyst, palest flame and
gold;
But, oh, to see the peonies lift scented cups of
silver
Beside a marble terrace once more before I'm
old!

Slim and pointed poplar trees, lilacs growing
fragrant,
Tender, creeping, starry things, fragile as a
dream,
Peach and plum and cherry and the maples
flushing crimson—
But, ah, to see the medlars and reeds aslant a
stream!

Flight of lark and bluebird, hermit thrush and
swallow,
Past the open casement a flash of brown and
red;

Alien

But, oh, the golden orioles above the sunny rice
fields,
And the whisper, whisper, whisper of wild wings
overhead!

Through the golden gateway, dark against the
sky-line,
Laden ships from China, silks and jade and tea;
But dearer than the cargoes of ivory and amber
The memory of other springs, mirage of one to
be!

JEANNE OLDFIELD POTTER.

The Death of a Mistress

Slowly she sips the poison from the cup
And flings it crashing to the marble floor;
That is her last insult to Fate, no more
These graceless outbursts at the summing up.
Then languidly she lies back on the bed
And most adroitly bares her knee and breast,
Sets a coquettish angle to her head
So those who find her in her final rest
Should feel the lure of living flesh, the breath
Of breathless possibilities—not death.
Then artfully she takes great pains to close
Her lips like petals on a drooping rose.
She shuts her eyes, and curls her arms about
her—
So even after death no one may doubt her.

MILTON RAISON.

Sonnet of a Sure Heart

The way seemed full of her, but these came nigh,
Fluting like birds, and calicoed bright and
clean,

And beautiful their bosoms poutering by!

“But ye are a cloud,” I said, “too much
between.”

Beauties have called to me from the woody grot,
The quick brown fox, and the red-tail tanager,
And the balsam tree; and how ye prospered not!

Ye were but scene, but frame, for circling her.
Up once I rose, in a fury of heard-of things,
To travel the splendid sphere and see its fame;
But the wars and ships and towns and the roar-
ing kings

But flashed with the image of her! and back
I came.

Since when I stay; I let the wide world spin;
She brings me all the other wonders in.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

They Praise the Sun

How shall the golden day discreetly pass?
Take shoe and staff, and mount the windy
hill,
And see if 'twixt high heaven and the grass
One cloud, one leaf, make any motion ill.

What shall the text and homiletics be?
The kindly sun, who would not fade too soon;
These twain, the well-perfected you and me;
This flame, that pulses hotter than his June.

Grieve not too much, if afterward of burning
He sinks so ashily! There is an art,
To grudge not greedily; take hands and turning
Go speaking not; this is the happy heart.

Sun after sun is yet to paint the skies.
Dark spaces intervene, but new suns rise.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

They Hail the Sunrise

They swore they found the dark exceeding
bitter:

Death's arm and captain, whose obscene com-
mands

Sent beauty marching, save for some stars'
glitter:

They were afraid, and took each other's hands.

But hands hold much of heat in little storage;
And eyes are flickerless torches good as day;
The flame of each to the other's flame cried
courage;

Soon heart to heart they sighed their grief away.

The sun of a sudden glowing through the
brushes,

They woke and laughed, their eyes again were
blue,

They ran to the fields, and apprehending
thrushes,

Spoke not a word, but travelled in the dew.

THE BOWLING GREEN

Travelled or tarried, breathing deep or breath-
less,

Strong as the sun, and girded up, and deathless.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

Mint Julep

An elegant, tall glass,
Wrought with a craftsman's zest,
Its clear-cut crystal glint
 Thick frosted o'er
 With winter's hoar.

The cold, sweet, tinkling mass
Bearing a fragrant crest
Of lush, new-gathered mint—
A flourish done
 With careless grace—
Plucked from the scented gathering place,
Cool, willow-hidden from the sun,
 Beside the fostering run.

The rye's brown soul suffusing all
The green-and-crystal heart of it.
The sunlight and the locusts and the tall
Fine-fluted glasses, all a part of it.

THE BOWLING GREEN

Thus lounging in the cushioned osier chairs,
Spraying with wit the good and their affairs . . .

Brother! Such wit is spurious and thin;
And these dead scenes—mere decadence and
sin!

RUSTICUS.

The Voice

Through mists of tears I saw the vanished Past,
A sad, gray land. Low-scudding clouds were
raining;

And pallid phantoms wandered there com-
plaining.

“We are Regrets,” they moaned. “Thy tale,
amassed

Through long, unhappy years, thou man that
wast

Once blithe and young but now art overborne
By gaunt Remorse and agonized Selfscorn.”

Then, sobbing, faded to the lowering vast.

I cried for human pity. Came there none
Across the murk and mist and rain-swept
marsh

That never knew the wholesome light of sun,
The slough of Failure, Grief, and black Dis-
quiet,

Until there croaked a voice, discordant, harsh,
“Try exercise, old sport, and simpler diet.”

RUSTICUS.

A Close-Up

A gesture from the Law: the limousine
Paused with the traffic, purring for a space
In hot impatience. Ah, I knew that face,
Those beetling brows, those features, clean-cut,
 lean,
That black moustache, that hawk-like nose
atween
 Dark, shifty eyes, the poise of Southern race,
 Concealing, with a cloak of easy grace,
All that is vile and villainous and mean!
'Twas he! I knew him, miscreant who hoards
 Bonds, heiresses, false currency, and wills,
 Who blights a Woman's Love—to give us
 thrills—
The friend of cut-throats and the guest of lords!
 Aristocratic, fascinating, fast,
 Crime-stained, insouciant, he smiled, and
 passed.

RUSTICUS.

Hey, Diddle, Diddle

“Fie on the maid with her slanting stare,
Veiling her viol against her hair,
Artfully arching her long white fingers
Twisting a tune till its treble lingers.”

*Hey diddle, diddle
The Cat and the Fiddle !*

“Born on a Midsummer eve, folks say,
Gotten by Puck of a milkmaid fey.
That’s how she comes by her trumpery trillings.
See the men fling her their silvery shillings!”

*Hey diddle, diddle,
The Cat and the Fiddle !*

“All winter long in the fire stares she,
Blinking her amber eyes drowsily,
But come sweet April with sun-in-a-mist,
And out she steals to be cursed and kissed.

*Hey diddle, diddle,
The Cat and the Fiddle !*

NINA RYAN.

The Potter

God the Potter
Made a little cup
Of sweet clay
From the river bed.

And as he worked,
Slapping, patting,
Singing,
He laughed
At an odd little thought.

Some of his laugh
Twisted the handle
Of the serious little cup
Crooked.

He loved that little cup
Better than the others.

F. S. S.

Charlotte Temple's Grave

[Trinity Churchyard]

This slab was set to keep
Ward o'er the dreamless sleep
Of one who knew deep grief,
Although her span was brief.

Where once were chiselled clear
Her name, her age, the year,
Are hollows filled with rain,
Deep sunken, dark with stain,

Where birds, as from a cup,
Drink deeply, and look up
To render thanks and praise
To Him who guides their ways.

Not pity, but a boon
To be forgotten soon,
If stone whence time wears words
May serve as cup for birds!

BLANCHE A. SAWYER.

Ad. an' Eve

[One of our doughboys, just back from the Army of Occupation, has become an active worker in the East Side Y. M. C. A. His Biblical stories, while in the vernacular, are quite orthodox. Here is one from Genesis.]

When Adam lived in Eden Park,
He gets quite dopey 'long to'rds dark,
An' crawls into his crib.
But do' he sleeps dere wid de game,
His heart is lonely jus' de same;
An' so de Lord Jehovah came
An' swiped off him a rib.

But Ad. snored on—he never woke,
Till in his back he feels a poke,
An'—hully gee! it's Eve!
“W'y—w'at t' ell's dis?” de young bloke cried.
“W'y don't yer know?” de gell replied;
“I'm li'l Eve, yer promis' bride.”
Says Ad., “I got yer, Steve!”

Ad. an' Eve

(Dis Adam was a chump as yet,
He w'u'ddn't kiss her—on a bet;
He tinks all dat is con.)

Ag'in Jehovah comes one day,
An' pintin' to a tree did say:
"Dat tree fer you ain't healthy—hey?"
Says Adam, "Lord, I'm on!"

But dis makes Eva awful sore;
Her cravin' fer—an apple-core—
It nearly makes her faint.

Den Satan comes, dressed like a snake,
An' side remarks ter her he'd make.
"You're 'fraid a single bite ter take";
Says she, "You bet I ain't!"

She calls to Ad.: "Look here," says she,
"I've picked an apple off'n dat tree,
An' here's a bite fer you!"

No sooner did dey taste dat fruit,
De same idea tru both did shoot:
"I need," says she, "a new spring suit."
Says he, "I'll say yer do!"

An' den de tunder 'n lightin' came,
An' Archangels wid swords of flame

THE BOWLING GREEN

De gates togedder slammed.
Out in de cold, wid aprun skoits,
Poor Ad. and Eve got dere desoits.
But wust of all—th' ting wot hoits—

De Lord said, "You be damned!"

WILL SEEDY.

From a Train-Letter

I'd like to be the porter
Of the sleeping-car you choose.
I'd sit up all the long, dim night
To shine your flat-heeled shoes.

I'd like to be conductor
Of the car in which you ride.
I'd punch your ticket all day long
To linger by your side.

I'd like to be the vender,
With books and gum to chew.
All day I'd walk the rocking aisles—
So I could look at you.

EDWARD SHENTON.

Envy

I looked upon a dog's dull eye
And for a span
I swear I heard him growling, "Why
Am I not Man?
Am I not Man?"

I looked upon a man's dead eye
And saw him nod
His head, and heard him grumble, "Why
Am I not God?
Am I not God?"

And God . . . O ask the earth, the sky,
The sun, the sea;
Ask them who gaze on God's old eye
What he would be.
What he would be.

A. B. SHIFFRIN.

Divinity

All loveliness and laughter,
She sweeps into our ken
And breaks our hearts, nor ever pities
The simple singing men.

Yet, in a short hereafter,
Time will despoil her—then
She'll live but in the plaintive ditties
Of simple singing men.

ROBERT A. SIMON.

The Voice of the City

So this is New York!
It looks just like
The picture postcards.

And this must be
The Woolworth Building.
I should have known it
Anywhere—
But of course it could not have been Anywhere
Except in New York!

This is New York, the City of Human Daring,
New York, with the clouds at her head, the
sea at her feet,
The conqueror's thought revealed in her
haughty bearing—
When do we eat!

The Voice of the City

This is New York, the City of Men's Despairing,
The End of the Way, the Field of the Last
Defeat.

One Hope Survives beyond all other caring—
When do we eat!

As you passed, O. Henry, the lights along
Broadway glaring
Or paused intent in the depths of a shadowed
street,
This is the voice you sought in your midnight
faring—
When do we eat!

J. L. SINCLAIR.

Ghosts

I would be alone, but ghosts pursue me;
They walk beside me with noiseless tread.
Out from the shadows they throng to view me—
The curious wraiths of my self that is dead.

From the fields of the past, over hill and hollow,
Each for an instant will come and cry
“You cannot leave me. I follow, follow!
You cannot leave me—you once were I.”

A barefoot lad, with his fellows playing,
Looks up and smiles from the long ago.
“Why do you start?” I can hear him saying,
“Do I look like some one you used to know?”

Still they accost me and still importune,
“Where is the good you were going to do?
When are you going to make my fortune?
Ah, that you were I! Ah, that I were you!”

Ghosts

I, too, must fail from this light and laughter,
And wait in the shadows as life goes by.
I call to the Me that shall be thereafter,
"Remember me, for you once were I!"

J. L. SINCLAIR.

Blue Prints for an Elysium

How much for Paradise? Now mine is new,
Impressed with Wonder, trafficked through by
Praise,
Musicked with birds and waterfalls, with dew
Made fresh, and set about with lovely days.

Blue Paradise is mine, and green, and brown;
I'll take my rest and watch the agile breeze
Work silver magic through the simple trees;
I'll stare the bravest golden sunset down.

Now I have Eden's body; cut the purse;
Flood me with yellow; drown me in the price;
Discover houris, opium, or worse;
Yet will I sing, yet laud my Paradise,

Compact on Earth of a little wind that blows
Across the western sky, a lark, a rose.

ALEC B. STEVENSON.

Consuelo Sings

Consuelo sings, in her gay little troubadour costume—
Red satin breeches and blouse, and dainty wrist-ruffles—
As we sit on the porch in the summer dusk, all waiting
For the jazz to begin, at the last masquerade of summer.
She twangs her gay banjo, lightly, softly singing—
*“Oh, I took my girlie to the movies,
All on a summer night—”*
The crickets chirp, and an apple drops, as we listen.
And a light breeze lifts the bouffant cape on her shoulders.
—Is this the self-possessed little flapper
With the bobbed blonde hair, and the saucy turned-up nose
(And rouged cheeks at fourteen)

THE BOWLING GREEN

Her father's imp, her mother's daily despair? . . .
No—the spell of the night, and of youth itself,
 is on us . . .
“*When—it's moonlight on Kalua,
I will come to you again—*”
(Oh, youth, where have you gone?
Oh, young dreams—oh, springtime world!)
Not Consuelo sings, but all the youth that has
 blossomed
For a day, for an hour—nevermore, nevermore
 to return.
And the pain of it takes us, until our throats are
 aching.

No one dares to speak first
In the silence. . . . Then old Mr. Boyd,
Who smokes big black cigars
And is quite a Somebody in Wall Street,
Stirs heavily, clearing his throat:
“You're—some singer—Consuelo!”

JENNIFER STEWART.

A Fat Lady Hears Shakespeare at the Club

She rustles in with sweep of many laces,
Settles her skirts and leans back, stiffly proud,
Watching her entrance on her rivals' faces,
Finding her glasses, peers between the crowd
To glimpse the man who struts there, heavy-
browed;

Her satin bosom heaves, well corseted.
Murmuring her approbation half aloud,
She sits and breathes in gasps till Hamlet's dead.
"To be or not to be." The dark man glow-
ers. . . .

Her polished finger-tips toy with her beads;
She dotes on sweet Ophelia, likes her weeds,
And charming madness, babbling to flowers.
So while the artist on the stage is speaking,
Sighing with sentiment, she sits there, creaking.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

Thoreau

Birds trailed him with their ardent wings and
made

A singing storm around him, when he came
To Walden Pond, and after him, like flame
Their singing followed under Walden shade.
And every spring returned to him the same
Blue herons, tall and hesitant and tame;
With his blue shadow, as he moved, there
swayed

Fishes who loved the gloom his body made.

But men who scan his words with cautious eyes
Forbid their wingèd hearts to understand.
They never flocked like birds to touch his hand
Simple and sure and musically wise.

He lived, and was a stranger in this land—
Above his hut a startled heron flies.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

Nil Admirari

Lute, that too quick replies
 To cunning fingers—
Rose, that in darkening skies
 Flushes—and lingers—

Swallow, that seeks to bide
 In the hawk's nest—
Door, that too soon swings wide
 To curious guest—

Bough, that drops ready fruits
 To the rude hand—
Heart, that sets trustful roots
 In thorns and sand—

Still, lute; fade, rose; shut, door;
Heart, take root nevermore.

MARY TUCKER.

A Swamp Tragedy

In Andrus swamp, out Hastings way,
A black stump's crumbly loam
Shows little, crisscross tunnelings
And a nesty, field-mouse home.

The cellar is a hoof-print, deep
Enough for harvesting
A pint of wild cucumber roots
Against the dearth of spring.

Spring's here, their store gleams white, un-
touched,
And near, owl pellets lie
With bits of field-mouse fur and bones. . . .
Laugh if you will—not I!

I. V.

Rejections

I laughed when envelopes, self-addressed
And stamped, came homing every day;
My mail became the family jest,
Our postman snickered with the rest
In genial country village way.

At last a line came, “We accept”
“Who’s loony now,” I mocked, “old dears?”
Then, whistling, from the room I swept,
And, face crushed in my pillow, wept
A levee-breaking flood of tears!

I. V.

A Quest

I have not played with Love as others have
Or smoothed her tangled hair, or kissed her eyes
As she went dancing through the woods of youth
That fringe so closely on to Paradise.

But I have caught the glimmer of her gown
And, though I never touched her, yet I know
Just how she looks, how red her fragrant mouth,
How white her wrists, how soft her slim feet go.

Though she is ever just beyond my reach,
Just slipping softly up some woodland way,
Still have I heard the ripple of her voice,
The careless echo of her laugh at play.

Yes, I have always missed her, yet perhaps
I know her better than the ones who stayed
And stilled her dancing feet and hushed her
laugh

And stopped to tame her in some forest glade.

BEATRICE WASHBURN.

The Beloved Month

I can find her many footsteps, I can hear her
ribbons rustle,
And at last I see her breathless in a beautiful
high place—
I reach my aching hands to her and cry aloud,
“Oh, April!”
I cannot bear in silence the wonder of her face.

The birds wait on the wind for her, they call
from sun to shadow,
The deep grass hears them murmur, and their
wings beat on the sky—
They have seen her coming homeward across the
evening meadow,
And they follow her with singing, for they
must sing or die!

But the hills are bowed and humble, kneeling
priests before an altar,
They let her pass in silence like a pale and holy
nun—

THE BOWLING GREEN

Without either prayer or chanting they receive
her benediction
As she lights her flames among them, softly
one by one.

WINIFRED WELLES.

From an Old, Old Castle

I would lie down and launch my pain,
All fern and lily-laden,
Over the water like Elaine,
Another deathly maiden—
(If it were a steady barge
And the river not too large.)

I, too, would drift a careless face
Under the doleful willow,
And be content to ease my grace
On a mossy board for pillow—
(If some one would unbraid my hair
And spread my ribbons out with care.)

If Launcelot should shake his head,
And the Queen grieve sedately,
I would rejoice that I was dead,
And rest there still and stately—
(If I were only sure they'd be
Sorry *enough* at sight of me!)

WINIFRED WELLES.

The Traveller

When I had thought a journey I would take,
A map I bought me and pinned it straight
Above the kitchen sink.

That's all the travelling I have done these years.

The map is England, poured on the blue
Like batter from a novice bowl.
This crusty, well-browned edge is Cornwall—
King Arthur, Tintagel, Penzance.
“The foam of perilous seas”—the suds
That rainbow in my dishpan.
A platter's huge side—the cliffs of Albion.
I've a child's mind stuffed with untidy reading.
The scraps I cherish now to make a cloak
For this life's nakedness.

Gold Devon on the map,
But the full palette and many mixtures do I need
To make my Duchy. Soft red clay for the
Southern shore.

The Traveller

And blue-greens of the tropics for Torquay.
Gold ribbons thread the purple of the moors,
And northward rushing towards the Cymric
coast

Green cliffs wade hugely in a cobalt sea.
Clovelly! Westward Ho!

Sussex smiles in sunshine, or its lanes
With Sheila's "coral-trouser'd Moon" make
carnival.

Green shoulders rest the head
Made weary with the sea's monotonous croon.
Drip, drip, drip.
From the cold water tap.

Tell me, can England ever prove untrue
To book-fed dreams?

MARJORIE WEIRICH.

Once Upon a Time . . .

I am in love with a foreign word,

Jadis;

All the heroic deeds occurred

Jadis.

Knights in the tournaments battled with lances

Under the fairest of ladies' glances;

Those were the days of the old romances,

Jadis.

Yet even in mediæval lays

Jadis,

Troubadours sang of heroic days

Jadis.

So ever to face the doom that's coming

Villain and serf in the dark kept humming—

Yea, even the king set his minstrel strumming

Jadis.

Now I in my turn make songs of a time

Jadis;

Evil my days, but I start my rhyme

Jadis.

Once Upon a Time . . .

Well do I know there was never a season
Free from despair and doubt and treason;
Loudly I'm singing to banish reason,

Jadis!

“JACOB” (W. L. WERNER).

Envy

When my old buddy gets to Heaven
An' pounds his hobs on the golden street,
No lieut will bawl him out for scratchin',
He will not have to stand retreat.

No bugles'll run him out o' mornings,
No lines will form for mess and pay;
Details will not march out a-pickin'
Butts an' paper on a windy day.

When my old buddy gets to Heaven,
He'll hear the blessed angels sing;
An' Armistice Day he'll maybe listen
To bells on earth that faintly ring—

An' guns a-boomin'; whistles blowin',
When all good people honour the dead. . . .
He'll be too far to see his buddies
Walk the streets for bread.

“JACOB” (W. L. WERNER).

The Burned Child

Whist in the night when the wet leaves are dripping

Fairy-folk seem as though drowsy, ashirk;
Dawn yet will show little people are tripping
Now featest to work,

Training the tendrils, perfuming the arbors,
Greening the sprouts that will later be sheaves,
Banding themselves into guilds like the barbers'
As trimmers of leaves.

Raising with rites of a fay necromancy
The ominous bloom of the mushroom, they
prune

The love-in-the-mist and they plot, as I fancy,
New pranks with the moon.

These are my gossips. Each rascally fairy
That firefly rides or from gossamer swings
My crony is sworn, but of one I am wary—
A boy who hath wings.

HUGH WESTERN.

Actæon

I see him stumble down the bank and blink,
Steady his step, and rub his eager eyes
So lately clear, now clouded with surprise
At beauty in the wilderness. I think
None can know better how his pupils shrink,
Like cats' the noonday, when he, startled, spies
Such treasury of silver breast and thighs
As laces moonlight with the brooklet's ink.
And then the changeling stag, the hounds, the
blood,
The great heart ribboned by those fangs of fire
More sharp than any tooth, unless Desire
Hath teeth as well as talons. Lucky lad!
To taste how death than life hath greater good
For him who's seen a goddess—and gone mad.

HUGH WESTERN.

An Antique Musick

Eyelids that lift like amethyst
On far-off islands seen at sea,
Apollo loved and, leaving, kissed
To ecstasy.

Eyes darkly opening as death,
And, opened, dimming all the day;
'Tis they have sucked my little breath
And soul away.

Since that I've dreamed behind them hides
Acknowledgment of glad defeat,
That in their threat such hope abides
As makes them sweet.

But when I'd gather in the gleams,
They fade like starlight in the dawn,
And all the substance of my dreams
Is sadly gone.

Eyes, eyes that turned Life's water wine,
Pay me that promise that you owe
Or let your lashes give the sign
To bid me go.

HUGH WESTERN.

To a Nameless Friend

The uneasy wren, who scolded with a tweet
Her tardy, homing lover, has been lying
Sweet hours beneath his wing. Night sounds
are dying,

Hushed since the Moon made good her gold re-
treat.

The hall is still as shadows, till soft feet
Patter the stairs. I know some one is prying,
And feel the scrutiny of bright beads eying
My yellow light with a regard discreet.

All welcome to you, sympathetic mouse,
Who come my occupation to find out
And share the vigil of my midnight state,—
But I must wonder, in this sleepy house,
What do you find to be awake about,
Where only I have cares that last so late?

HUGH WESTERN.

Danse Macabre

Here is a morsel, my masters, a tit-bit,
The corse of a crown from a high gallows
hung!
The worms have his lips, but a wind in the gib-
bet
Has found him a tongue,

To whisper and whimper in maudlin palaver
Of hand he has held, or of head, or of breast,
Or whatever the soul of that swinging cadaver
Remembers as best.

He dangles and dances like any old stocking
Strung out on the line of a wash day to dry,
But his eyes, which are not, from their sockets
are mocking
The world passing by.

THE BOWLING GREEN

He reminds you of some one? Ah, that is past
chaffing;
The broth of a jest, though it's peppered too
free
To tickle my palate. Nay; why are you laugh-
ing—
And looking at me?

HUGH WESTERN.

To a Reader of Brantôme

As marble white and blue-veined like the snow
Down crannies where no prying sun has peeped,
In the Hôtel de Sens he says she slept,
His silver marguerite, *la reine Margot*.
'Tween sable sheets she lay so they might know,
Her lovers, when by candle-light they crept,
How more a pearl was she than any kept
By jewellers on cushioned silks to show.

A luscious sight, I doubt, for lickerish eyes.
Of prince or prelate, man or mignon page,
Or painter! But I marvel at an age
That, doting, can such alloy gloat upon
Through greasy glasses, when before it lies
Gold that has matched and put to shame the
sun.

HUGH WESTERN.

Philosophers at Harvard, 1902

Forever bandying theses, James and Royce!
“Oh, d—— the absolute!” cries William, hot
With baffled lunges for an unflexed spot
On that impregnable defence. “Rejoice,”
Pipes old Josiah’s impatient, querulous voice.
“Empiricist of this bewildering blot
Which is our finite life, that you are not
Required of blotters to accept *my choice!*”

So metamedicos war. And young minds reel—
Or yawn. Troop they from one class to the next,
The second mentor taking as his text
The fallacies of the first! Which shall set seal?
But softly: here’s another lecturer speaking—
What if with Santayana we go seeking?

STANLEY KIDDER WILSON.

Rain at Dawn

I hear distant laughter,
Like a silver chain
Tinkling on a wine-cup—
'Tis the voice of Rain.

She has tasted nectar
From the clover's store.
Now she dances madly
Down the forest floor.

Woodland waters sparkling
Play her minuets,
And the dripping oak-leaves
Are her castanets.

Through the paths, she flashes,
An elusive sprite,
Throwing drops of crystal
'Round her, left and right.

THE BOWLING GREEN

Shaking little diamonds
From her dusky hair,
Once she pirouettes, and—
Is no longer there!

Where she danced, a rainbow
Throws its ribbon high—
A pathway for the Dawn Queen
Coming up the sky.

NORINE WINTROWE.

Sic Semper

Goliath beat his breast and curled his beard,
Disguised his egotism with small i's.
Wrote free verse for the *Broom*, so I have heard,
Press-agented himself in every wise.
One hairy ear cupped in a hairy paw
A'ert for every veer or passing whim. . . .
Goliath painted blue his lower jaw—
It made the editors stare after him.

Colossally he strode, while critics gaped;
Reluctant artists hurried home, revised
Their outworn methods, imitated, aped,
Goliathisms everywhere were prized!
But David, unsophisticated youth,
Sat polishing a rounded pebble smooth.

ROBERT L. WOLF.

Song of Solomon Jones

My love is like a milk-white mare—
Beside my cheek her head—
But when I gripped her mane to mount
She tossed her neck and fled.

My love is like a silver fish
That slipped through reeds and swam:
There, by that weed, is where she was.
Where I was, here I am.

ROBERT L. WOLF.

October

Beauty has a tarnished dress,
And a patchwork cloak of cloth
Dipped deep in mournfulness,
Striped like a moth.

Wet grass where it trails
Dyes it green along the hem;
She has seven silver veils
With cracked bells on them.

She is tired of all these—
Gray gauze, translucent lawn;
The broad cloak of Herakles
Is tangled flame and fawn.

Water and light are wearing thin:
She has drawn above her head
The warm enormous lion skin
Rough gold and red.

ELINOR WYLIE.

The Poor Old Cannon

Upbroke the sun
In red-gold foam;
Thus spoke the gun
At the Soldiers' Home:

“Whenever I hear
Blue thunder speak
My voice sounds clear,
But little and weak.

“And when the proud
Young cockerels crow
My voice sounds loud,
But gentle and low.

“When the mocking-bird
Prolongs his note
I cannot be heard
Though I split my throat.”

ELINOR WYLIE.

South of the Potomac

Wild honey in the honey-comb,
And swarms of golden bees,
These are as sumptuous as Rome,
Rich as the Chersonese.

Not Tamburlain's Persepolis
Nor vaulted Ctesiphon
Were jewelled as this serpent is
Which stretches in the sun.

And this red earth beneath my hand,
Which burns my hand like fire,
Is barbarous as Samarcand,
Imperial as Tyre.

ELINOR WYLIE.

Little Joke

Stripping an almond tree in flower
The wise apothecary's skill
A single drop of lethal power
From perfect sweetness can distil.

From bitterness in efflorescence,
With murderous poisons packed therein;
The poet draws pellucid essence
Pure as a drop of metheglin.

ELINOR WYLIE.

The Child on the Curbstone

The headlights raced; the moon, death-faced,
Stared down on that golden river.
I saw through the smoke the scarlet cloak
Of a boy who could not shiver.

His father's hand forced him to stand,
The traffic thundered slaughter;
One foot he thrust in the whirling dust
As it were running water.

As in a dream I saw the stream
Scatter in drops that glistened;
They flamed, they flashed, his brow they
splashed,
And danger's son was christened.

The portent passed; his fate was cast,
Sea-farer, desert-ranger.
Tearless I smiled on that fearless child
Dipping his foot in Danger.

ELINOR WYLIE.

High Wind

Bœotius laughed upon the windy corner's
Decline; my female ancestors were shocked
Investing eyes like Mid-Victorian mourners'
In veils of fear; but one among them mocked.

She only, careless and aristocratic,
Laughed at Bœotius, laughing in his face,
And stared, in disarray divinely static,
While slave-ships foundered under Samothrace.

ELINOR WYLIE.

Ariel

Now with the wistful days
Of floating leaf and fallen bell,
Of white spring blown away,
I dream of Ariel,
Bidding this earth farewell.

No moth shall stray so light
As he that fled between
The shadows involute:
Pale green 'twixt forest green,
His cloak of mirth was seen.

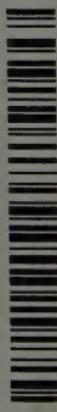
Nor winds shall tread
So delicate the white wet grass
Of morn, as he that sought
The carven door, alas!
I, mortal, could not pass.

THE BOWLING GREEN

Though for a year and a day
I prayed admission there.
None saw him break his bonds—
Earth's gyves, for all they were
Shimmering gossamer!

ANNE W. YOUNG.

THE END



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